

PRO WRESTLING ILLUSTRATED

T.V.
SPORTS

Greg "The Hammer" Valentine:

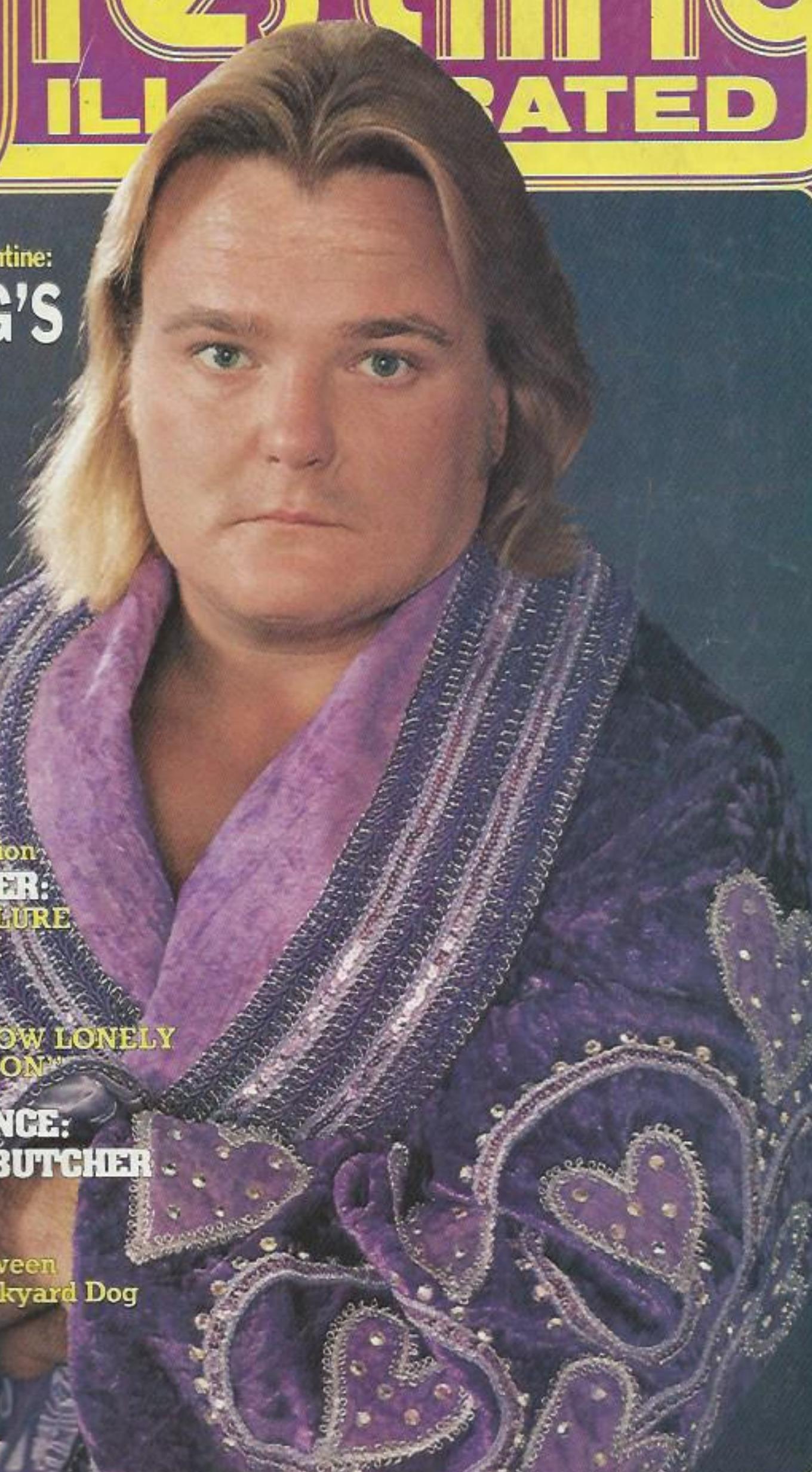
WRESTLING'S SAVAGE GENIUS

Central States Champion
SUPER-DESTROYER:
WHY HE'D BE A FAILURE
WITHOUT HIS MASK

HARLEY RACE:
"I'D FORGOTTEN HOW LONELY
IT IS TO BE CHAMPION"

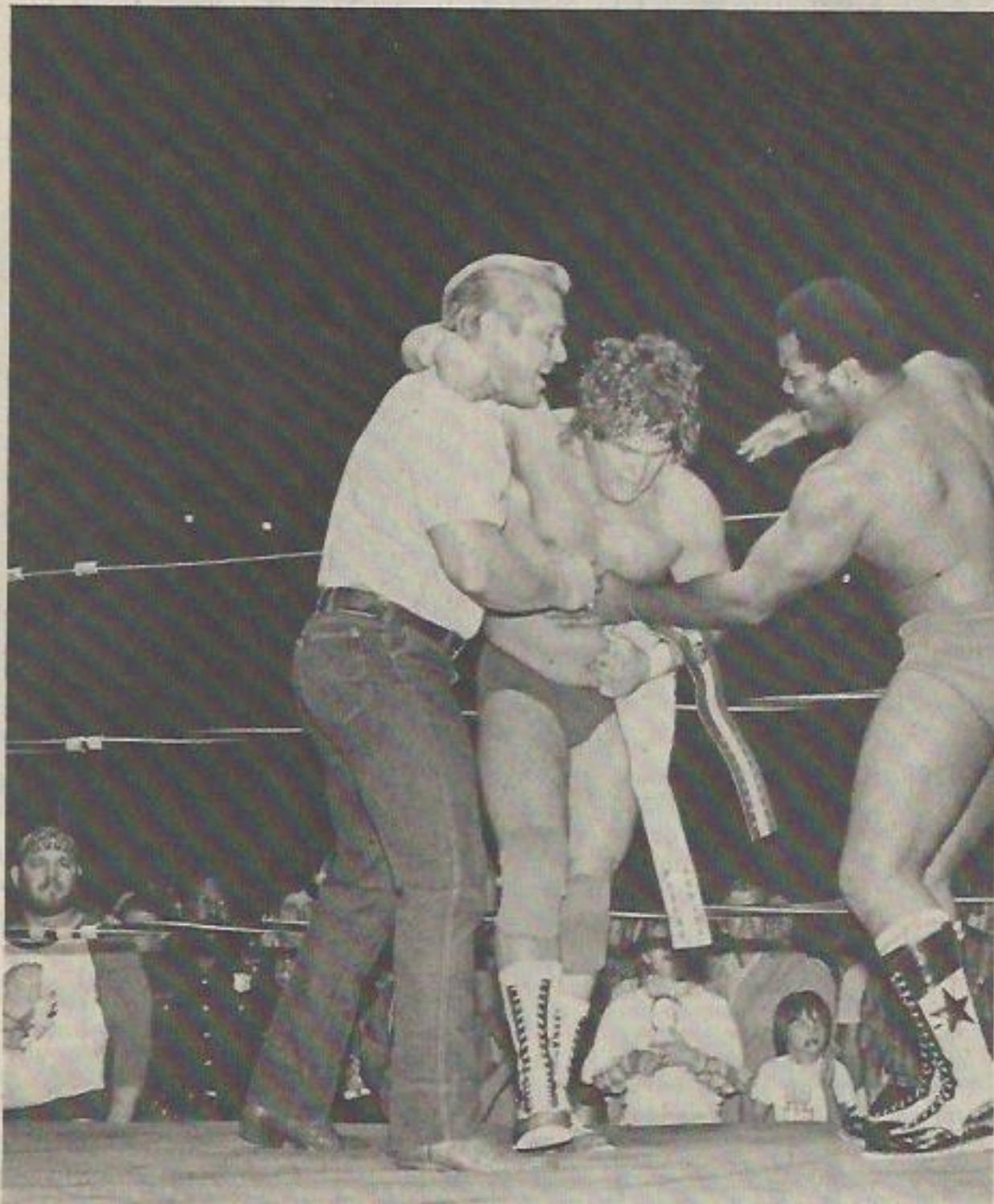
PRESS CONFERENCE:
ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER

DOGFIGHT!
The Vicious War Between
Buzz Sawyer And Junkyard Dog



RINGSIDE

With Bill Apter



Brett Wayne, clutching his newly won National championship belt with his remaining strength, is helped from the ring by Ron Garvin and Piston Pez Whatley. Note Buzz Sawyer looking on from ringside.

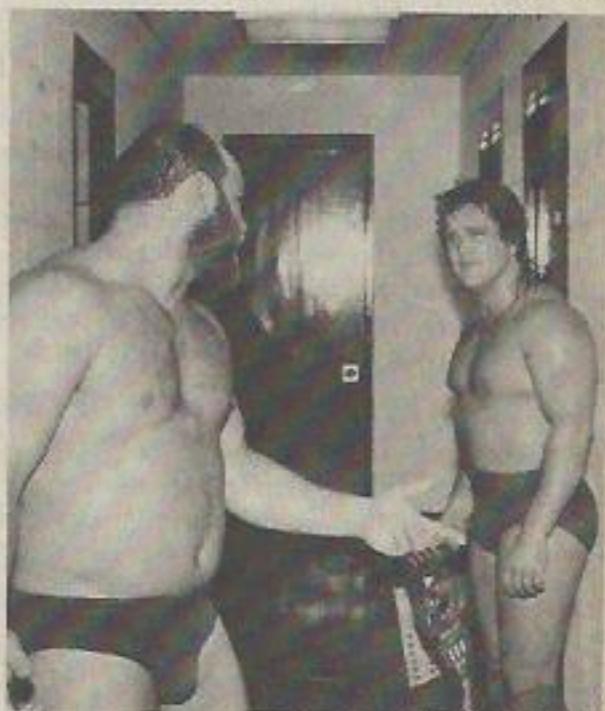
Brett Wayne's National title victory over **Larry Zbyszko** is still big news, but there's one detail of his title reign that's really got the wrestling world talking: Brett's relationship with **Buzz Sawyer**. It's puzzling at best. Several strange things have happened recently.

● Wayne has refused to defend the National championship against Sawyer, despite lucrative offers from promoters all over the United States.

● Sawyer has rescued Brett from several vicious attacks at the hands of the National tag team champions, **The Road Warriors**.

● In tag team matches, such as the recent contest pitting Sawyer and **Paul Ellering** against Brett and **Tommy Rich**, Sawyer refused to tag off and enter the ring while Brett was there.

We attempted to get to the bottom of this situation, but in a recent "Pro Wrestling Illustrated Press Conference" televised on *World Championship Wrestling*,



Sawyer and Wayne speak to each other for a moment in the dressing room. Photographer Bill Apter could not overhear what they were saying.

both Wayne and Sawyer refused to comment on the matter. Wayne was polite in his refusal, while a furious Sawyer stormed off the set in anger when questioned on the subject.

Observers of Mid-Atlantic wrestling have long claimed that all **The Masked Assassins** needed to achieve success was a manager. Now they have one in the person of **Paul Jones**. "I've been watching The Assassins for a while,"

(Continued on page 48)

KING'S COURT

"I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!" Ole Anderson shouted at the image on the TV monitor. "What a jerk. Look at how sloppy your tie is." What made this scene more interesting than the average man yelling-at-a-TV-screen was the person who Ole was criticizing was Ole himself.

Since his retirement as a fulltime wrestler, Ole Anderson has been attempting to conquer a new career. He is the color commentator of *World Championship Wrestling*

from Georgia, working alongside play-by-play announcer Gordon Solie.

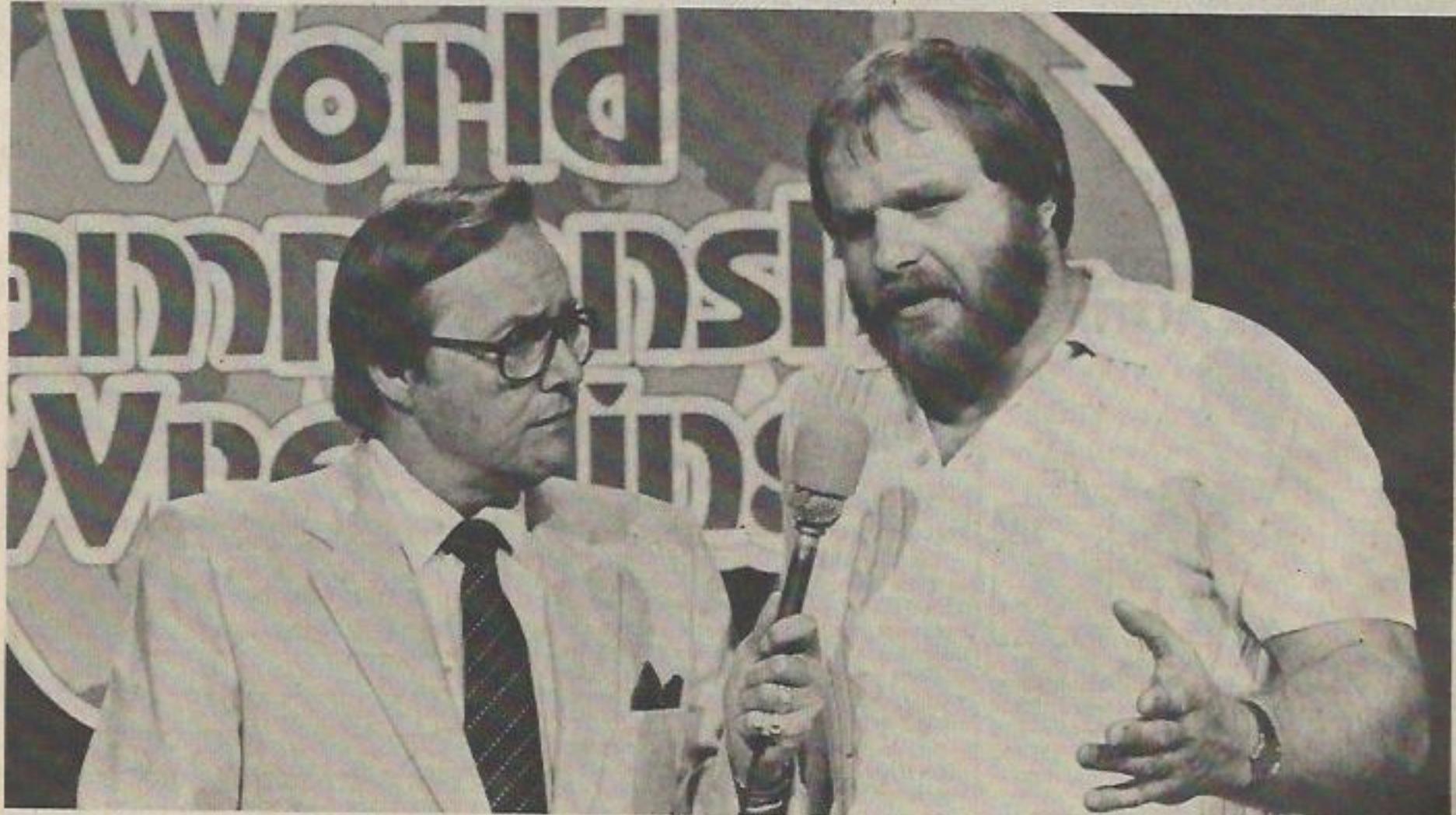
"Actually, I'm really the unofficial color commentator," Ole says. "Although I'm on every week, it's still Gordon's show. The producers of *World Championship Wrestling* made me an offer to be a regular, but I'm not going to accept that position until I feel totally comfortable in my new role. Right now, I'm still learning."

Anderson is the latest ex-athlete

trying to make a career in broadcasting. But unlike many other former jocks, Ole is intent on earning the right to be behind the microphone. "I've seen too many jocks accept a broadcasting job and then fail," Ole says. "They think it's so easy and they don't bother to learn their craft. And I think a problem is too many of them were such superb athletes that their sports came easy to them. A person can be spoiled by natural talent. Sometimes, when things come too easy, you forget how to work hard. And believe me, broadcasting is hard work."

Gordon Solie has always been a hard worker, and he respects Ole's effort. "I'm not crazy about former athletes moving into the broadcast booth," Solie says, "because too many of them are unprepared. But Ole is very different. He works hard, asks questions, and really wants to succeed. I really believe that Ole and I have a good chemistry when we work. I'm looking forward to sitting beside Ole Anderson for many years to come."

(Continued on page 56)



The articulate Ole Anderson provides expert analysis in a clear and understanding manner for play-by-play man Gordon Solie on *World Championship Wrestling*.

DRESSING CONVENTION

By Stu Saks



While admitting that Jimmy Hart has done a fine job in guiding such men as the Colossus of Death, the editors of PWI have no say over who wins the Manager of the Year award. That's for the fans to decide, Jimmy.

"IT'S ABSOLUTELY incredible!" shouted Associate Editor Craig Peters, drawing the attention of everyone in the *Pro Wrestling Illustrated* editorial office. "All of these in one day!"

Peters, running his hands through hundreds of *PWI* Year-End Vote ballots, was as excited as I've ever seen him. "Stu, get over here, you've got to see this!"

I walked across the large room and looked over Craig's shoulder. "Look at this," he said as he read off the selections on the ballots one at a time. "Manager of Year—Jimmy Hart, Manager of the Year—Jimmy Hart, Manager of the Year—Jimmy Hart . . . Hart must have gotten 300 votes in today's mail alone."

"It's not likely that he got all these votes in one day," I said, "but it could happen."

"Stu," Craig said abruptly, "did you look at the ballots? Not only are all the votes for Hart, but the only selection made on each ballot is for Manager of The Year! All the other lines are left blank!"

The other night I thought I was dreaming about a ringing telephone. It wasn't a dream. The phone was actually ringing. I reached above my head in the dark to where the phone rests on the bedboard shelf and picked up the receiver. "Saks," the caller said, *(Continued on page 50)*

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING

Every month, our reporters will compile wrestlers' most revealing quotes. Often catching the grapplers with their guards down, our reporters will work endlessly in obtaining interesting quotes on a variety of subjects.

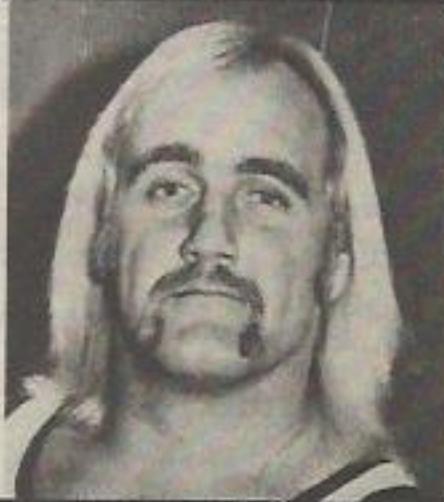
DAVID VON ERICH

"Why would the National Wrestling Alliance ban the clawhold and not the piledriver? At least a victim of the clawhold has some sort of control. He can stop it at any time; all he has to do is submit. When you're on the receiving end of a piledriver, there's no way out."



HULK HOGAN

"I've had guys gang up on me before, and I've handled myself pretty well, if I say so myself. Instead of Saito getting outside help from Dave Shultz, let him bring the redneck into the ring with him. I'll take them both on. The Hulk can handle it."



JERRY LAWLER

"I've enjoyed watching Steve Keirn and Stan Lane team with their mentor, Jackie Fargo, in six-man tag team matches. Jackie is as quick as he ever was, and since he helped Steve and Stan develop their wrestling style, he fits in perfectly. I'm confident that they could beat any three men in wrestling today."



MIKE ROTONDO

"I'm sure a lot of my Mid-Atlantic fans wondered what happened to me before I started wrestling in Florida. I took some time off to concentrate on my training. Sometimes when you're wrestling night after night, you neglect the basics. Right now I feel that I'm in the best shape of my life."



TOMMY RICH

"I know that a lot of my fans are worried that this thing with Buzz Sawyer is becoming an obsession with me. I don't know exactly what it is, but do know I have to settle a score with him. And I won't stop until I run him out of Georgia for good."



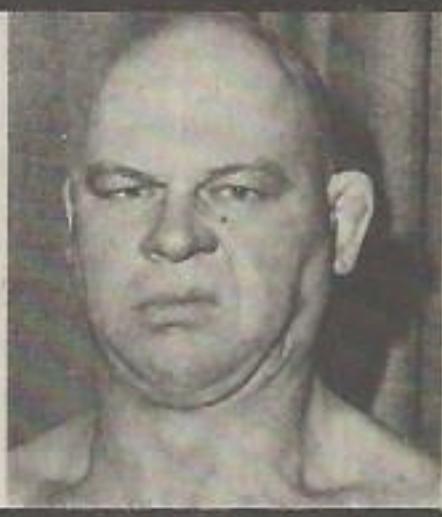
BOB BACKLUND

"Right now, I'm making a pledge to my fans and to Eddie Gilbert's fans that the Masked Superstar will suffer for breaking Eddie's neck. I'll never forget the sight of Eddie lying on the floor outside the ring. He couldn't move. Superstar, you've made an enemy, and I promise you, you'll pay this."



BARON VON RASCHKE

"Nothing has changed. I'm the same wrestler I always was. It's just that the fans here in the Mid-Atlantic aren't as intelligent as the AWA fans. They wouldn't know talent if it fell in their laps. I'm confident that my manager, Gary Hart, will lead me right to the Mid-Atlantic title, and I wouldn't be surprised if it happened soon."



MR. WRESTLING II

"I am so proud of Brett Wayne. As we trained for his match with Larry Zbyszko, I saw something in him that I hadn't seen before, and that was desire. That's what made him the National title. He wanted that belt, and now he has it. He's gonna be a heck of a champion."



OTTO WANZ

"I have invited Nick Bockwinkel to come to West Germany to wrestle me. In fact, I have offered to pay all his training and living expenses while he is here, but Mr. Heenan has said no. Personally, I think Bockwinkel is afraid of me. I guess I will have to come back to America and chase him down."



A—ON—ASSIGNMENT

BY LIZ HUNTER

I THINK I was as happy as anyone watching *World Championship Wrestling* that day I heard that Brett Wayne was being offered a title shot against National heavyweight champion Larry Zbyszko.

According to a deal Mr. Wrestling II struck with Zbyszko, Wrestling II would return the National belt to Zbyszko under the condition that he offer Wayne a title shot. Several weeks earlier, on a televised segment of *World Championship Wrestling*, Wayne had pinned Zbyszko in a non-title match.

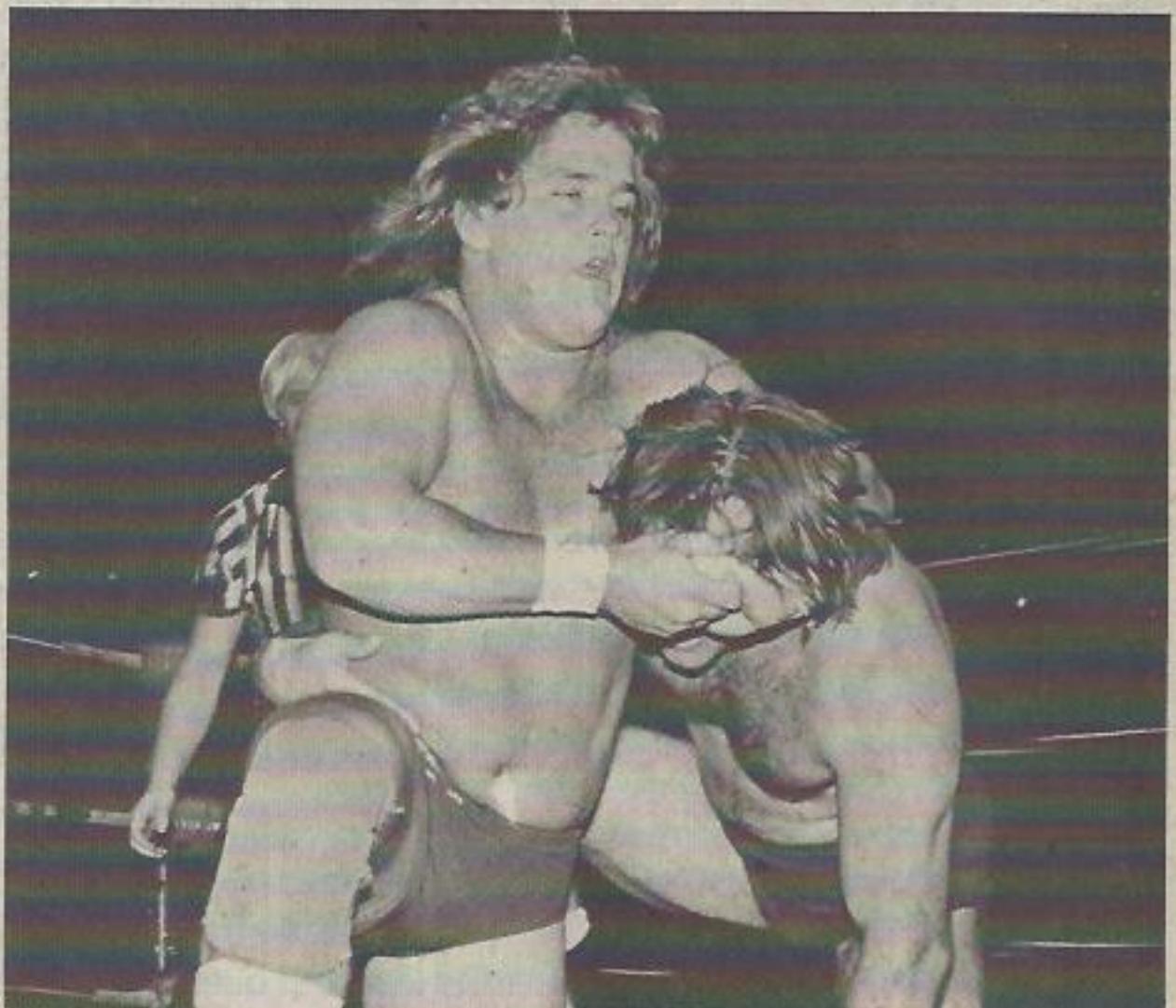
I wasn't able to attend the Sunday night match in Atlanta, so I anxiously awaited a call from Bill Apter the next morning. When the phone rang at 7:30 a.m., I felt a little nervousness in my stomach. I picked up the receiver hesitantly.

"Won it fair and square," were Apter's first words. "No controversies, no brass knuckles, no questions asked."

I must have had one of the broadest smiles on my face in months when I hung up the phone. I always liked Brett Wayne, and I've always felt that he would be successful in wrestling, but I never thought success would come to him so quickly.

You see, Brett's a young man, and he's got a young man's enthusiasm. At the age of 23, you really can't rely on your experience in the ring, so you rely primarily on raw energy.

But enthusiasm often gets in the way of success, and I was afraid that would happen to Brett.



A weary-looking Brett Wayne clamps a headlock on Larry Zbyszko. Wayne's youthful enthusiasm and determination allowed him to overcome his fatigue and win the National championship in The Omni in Atlanta.

Being placed in a position where all one has to do is make a few moves in order to achieve a pin-fall win, a young and inexperienced wrestler often allows the excitement of the moment, the anticipation of victory, to get in the way of actually achieving that victory.

Obviously Brett was able to hold back that feeling of excitement long enough to experience the greatest of thrills: the feeling of having your hand raised in victory and having that championship belt strapped around your waist.

Curious to find out how he felt about being champion several

days into his reign, I arranged an interview with Brett.

"Actually, Liz, I haven't had a lot of time to think about this," Brett told me, "it all happened so fast. Of course I was really pleased when I pinned Zbyszko on television, but I knew that after that match he would be ducking me like crazy. I never thought I would get a title shot. Then, all of a sudden, Mr. Wrestling II makes the deal with Zbyszko. Wrestling II returns the belt on the condition that I get a title shot."

How did Brett feel about Wrestling II's deal?

"Hey, I thought it was great! I
(Continued on page 52)

If you wish to contribute to Shocket's mailbag, send your letters to:

TOP ROPE
Box 48
Rockville Centre, N.Y.
11571

OFF THE ROPE

By Dan Shocket

AS A PROFESSIONAL duty, I've had to watch the Von Erich trio pathetically attempt to wrestle. Sometime during one of their matches, as disgust turned to laughter, I realized who the Von Erichs use as role models. Kerry, David, and Kevin are wrestling's answer to *The Three Stooges*. This led me to devise a whole new contest. Complete the following sentence in as many words as you wish: "Kerry, Kevin, and David are most like Moe, Larry, and Curly because . . ." Feel free to use your imaginations to verbally stick your fingers in the Von Erichs' eyes. The best answers will be printed in this column. Winners will have the satisfaction of infuriating 14-year-old girls of either sex and all ages. And speaking of infuriating, let's get to this month's letters.

Dear Mr. Dan Shocket,

While I can condone your supporting wrestlers like Greg Valentine, Buzz Sawyer, and the Funks, just to name a few, there is a question I would like to ask concerning Kevin Sullivan and The Purple Haze.

Do you really think that guys like these are to be admired? You know as well as I do that their satanic beliefs are going to send



Kevin Sullivan appears to have The Purple Haze under his spell. I don't believe that Sullivan is actually in contact with the devil, and I'm not sure that he believes it. But if his opponents believe it, Sullivan is almost guaranteed a win.

them straight to hell. And as sure as death and taxes, these demons are headed for a crack in the proverbial ice.

CHUCK JOHNSON
Ferrum, VA

Dear Mr. Chuck Johnson,

Not being as privy as you to the ways of the Lord, I can't be sure that anyone is condemned to eternal damnation. As for Sullivan and The Purple Haze, if they can get

opponents to believe that Satan is assuring them victory, their foes deserve to be beaten. Their incantations and rituals are harmless and amusing. Their victories are impressive. May I suggest that you start concentrating on what they do rather than what they say?

Dear Dan Shocket,

I live in the AWA wrestling area. Last night I saw Bob Backlund wrestle Magnificent Muraco in a Texas Death Match.

We rarely see WWF wrestlers in the AWA, so I've always been skeptical about your claim that Bob Backlund pays off the referees . . . until last night. Bob Backlund was outside the ring and Muraco was on the top rope ready to mutilate

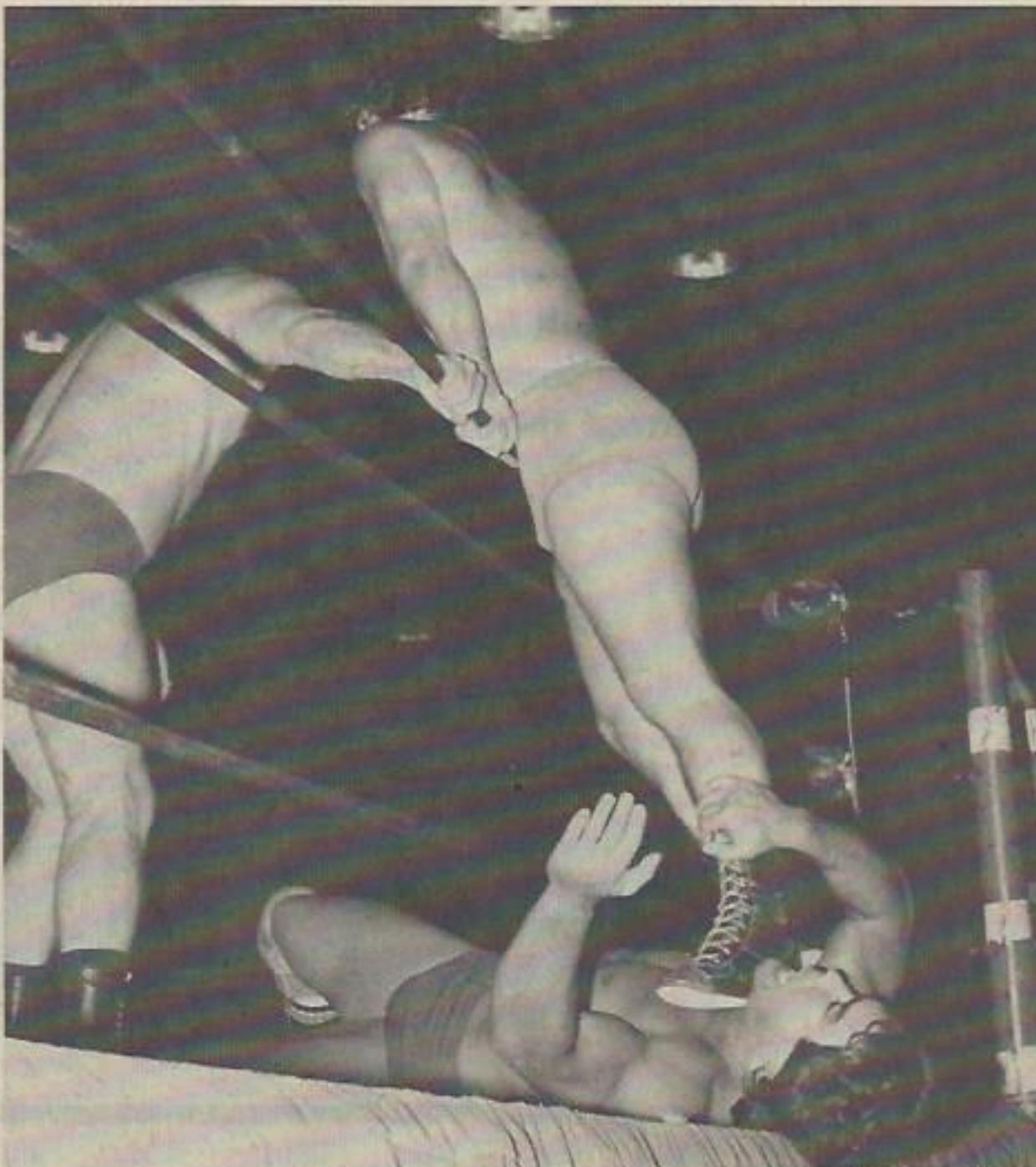


The fact that a referee prevented Magnificent Muraco from winning the WWF championship from Bob Backlund is hardly surprising.

him. Then the referee jumped on Muraco and tried to stop the Magnificent One from finishing off the champion! This happened throughout the whole match!

Is there anything to be done about such interference by referees?

ANDREW PAPADOLIAS
Aurora, IL



Dear Andrew Papadolias,

The only sure way to stop the referees from helping Backlund is to cancel the champion's bank account. As long as Bob can pay for their services, referees will make sure he remains WWF champion. And to think fans hate Larry Zybszko for openly buying a title just once.

Dear Mr. Shocket,

I would like to know what you think of the Briscos' recent switch to rulebreaking.

BRAD CARLSON
St. Paul, MN

Dear Mr. Carlson,

Glad you asked. Though it's still too early to have a definite opinion, my gut reaction is to applaud the Briscos. Their latest matches have been revelatory exhibitions of wrestling intelligence. I've been happily surprised at their ability to finish off opponents with a profes-

sional ruthlessness. They are clean, sharp, and dangerous. If they continue using their brains, the Briscos will be a boon to wrestling.

Mr. Shocket,

If you are looking for someone who will come to the aid of a friend without being paid, a man willing to give 110 percent without having to use any outside help, a man with *class*, that's Tommy Rich! Win, lose, or draw, there's no better man in wrestling.

But I guess it comes down to whether you choose to look up to a man or a louse!

KANDI MILLER
Wisconsin Dells, WI

Ms. Miller,

How can you look up to a man who has spent most of his career with his back down on the mat? □

Every issue, three reporters from PRO WRESTLING ILLUSTRATED will participate in an incisive press conference with a top wrestling star. The questions will be demanding. And the answers will reveal the innermost thoughts of the giants of the sport

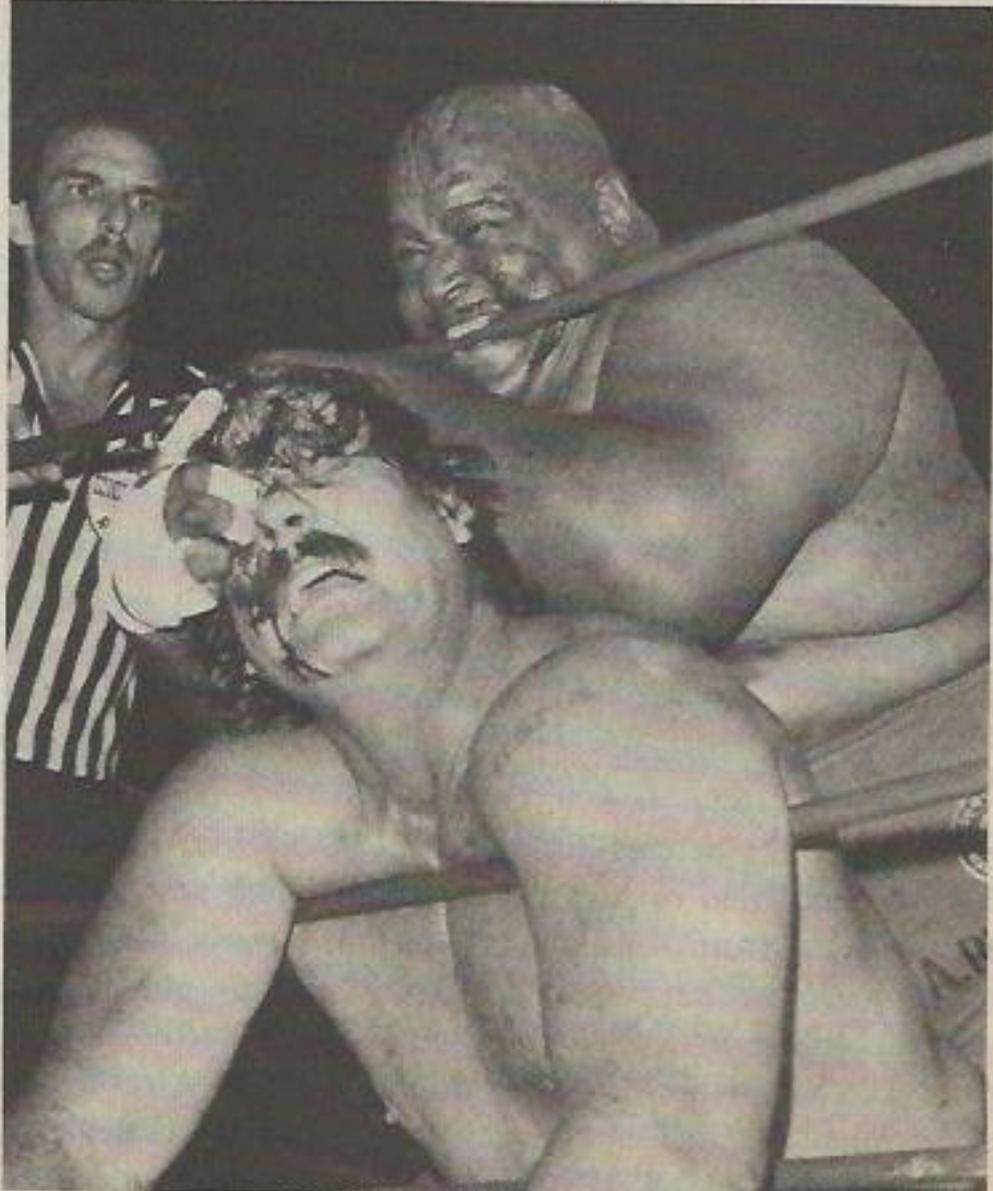
PRESS CONFERENCE

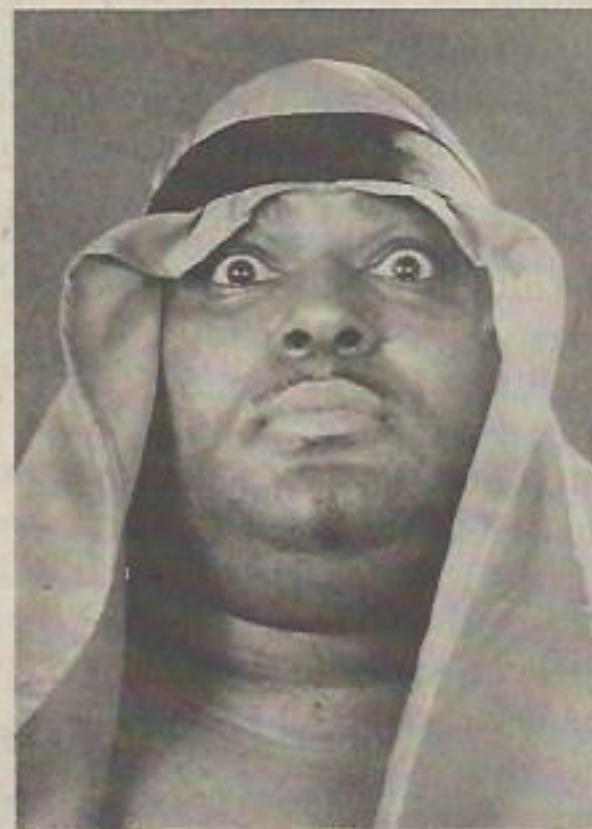
ABDULLAH
THE BUTCHER



Deepak Massand

(Few individuals in the professional wrestling world strike as much terror in the hearts of opponents—or fans—as Abdullah the Butcher. Abdullah is notorious for pulling forks, knives, and all manner of foreign objects out of his trunks and using them to slash and mutilate his opponents. Senior Editor Bill Apter, Associate Editor Craig Peters, and Assistant Editor Joseph Bua recently spoke with Abdullah in Florida where the big man from the Sudan has been horrifying fans from Jacksonville to Miami. Pro Wrestling Illustrated is indebted to Deepak Massand, friend, confidant, and sometime manager of Abdullah, for acting as interpreter during this interview.)





"I want to show these wrestling fans in America how great I am. They have forgotten the skills and the abilities of the Butcher, and it is time they be reminded."

BILL APTER: Abdullah, you . . .

ABDULLAH: Call me the Butcher.

APTER: All right—*Butcher*. You very seldom grant interviews to the press. Why have you chosen to do so at this time?

ABDULLAH: Because it is time that people understand who I am, it is time that they see the true face of Abdullah the Butcher.

CRAIG PETERS: And that true face would be . . .

ABDULLAH: That would be a wrestler who obliterates all opponents no matter who they are, a wrestler who always wins his matches, a wrestler who has more so-called champions running from him in fear and terror than anyone else in professional wrestling today.

JOSEPH BUA: Butcher, how can you call yourself a wrestler?

ABDULLAH: That is what I am.

BUA: But you don't wrestle! The only basic wrestling move you have is an elbowsmash, and quite



Abdullah obviously likes to eat, but he won't eat just anything. The Butcher will eat only the finest grade of raw chicken (above). While chomping on the top rope, Abdullah tries to rip out Blackjack Mulligan's eyes (opposite page).

frankly, you're too big to get high enough off the ground to make it very effective. I've never seen you wrestle, I've only seen you brawl and use foreign objects on your

opponents.

ABDULLAH: You speak very big for a little man. Would you like to step into the ring with me?

BUA: No, I . . .



Gentleman Jim Holliday taunts Abdullah's opponent as the Butcher climbs into the ring (above). The madman from the Sudan claims Andre the Giant successfully avoided him for 10 years before their recent meeting in Puerto Rico (below).

APTER: Joe, you're getting him mad!

ABDULLAH: Would you like to see from personal experience how much damage my elbowsmash can do?

BUA: I didn't mean to . . .

PETERS: Hey Joe, I think you'd better . . .

ABDULLAH: Get out!

BUA: But . . .

ABDULLAH: Get him out of here, or this interview is over!

APTER: You'd better leave, Joe.

BUA: Okay, see you guys later.

ABDULLAH: Now, why don't one of you two ask me something intelligent, like how I demolished Andre the Giant!

PETERS: All right. How did you demolish Andre the Giant?

ABDULLAH: Very easily. Hahaha! You see, more than 10 years ago I wrestled Andre in Montreal and I destroyed him. The

record books don't recognize that as a defeat, because Andre is a cry-baby. He cried loud enough and the referee stopped the match and disqualified me. Andre is such a fool, such a baby. He avoided me for over 10 years. What does that make you think? That makes me think he was afraid of me. The fact that he has tried to avoid a match with me for that long proves that I defeated him that night in Montreal. But I got him again recently in Puerto Rico, and I handed him defeat once again. I expect now that the swine will avoid me for another 10 years.

APTER: I understand that you're actively looking for a match with Antonio Inoki here in the United States.

ABDULLAH: That is correct. I have defeated and humiliated Inoki in wrestling rings all over the world, but I want to do so in front of a wrestling audience here in the United States. I want the fans here to understand that Inoki is as worthless a wrestler and as much of a weakling as Andre is.

PETERS: Why are you in Florida at this time?

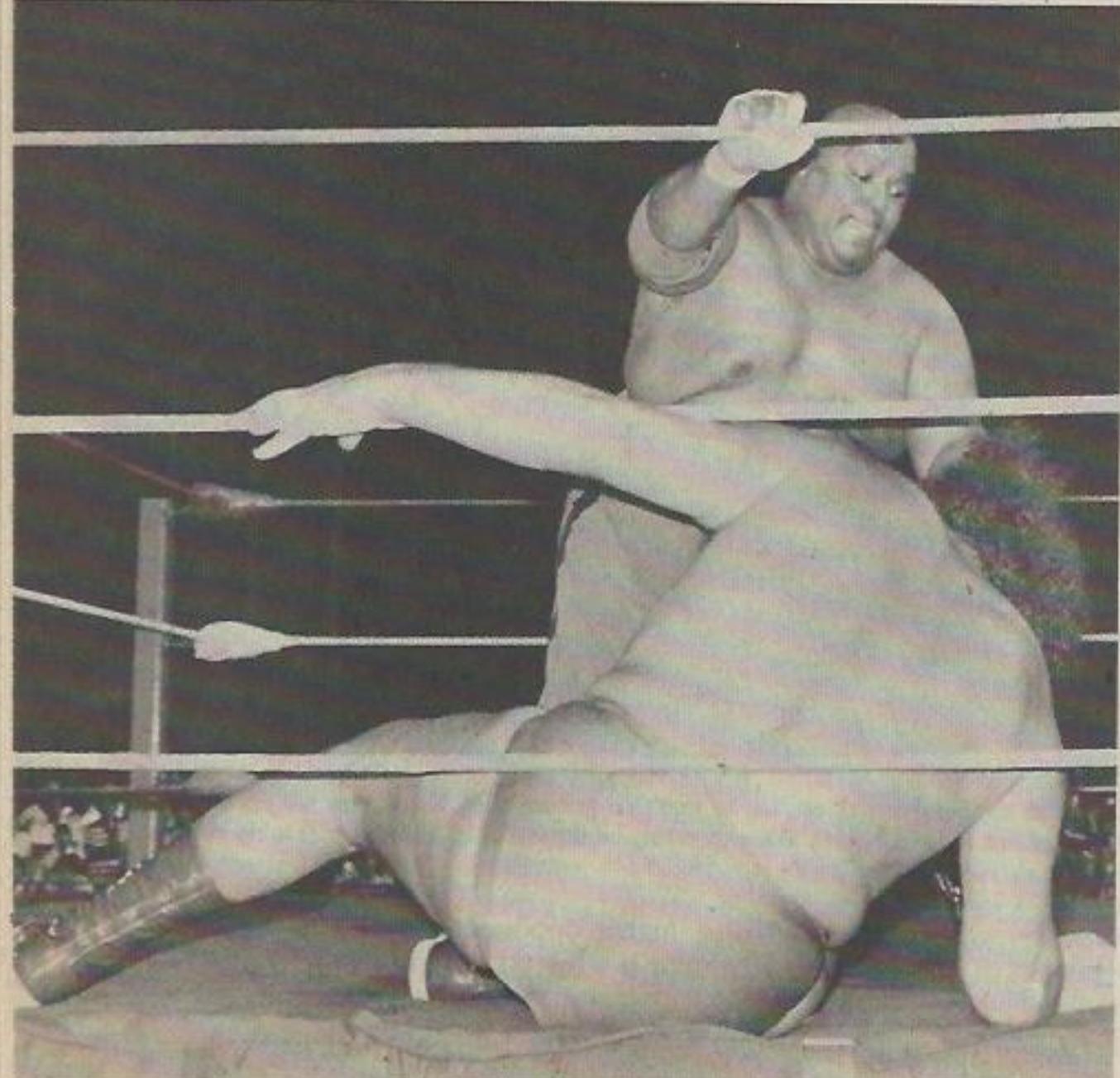
ABDULLAH: Because I have been offered a great deal of money by my manager, Jim Holliday. Because I want to show these wrestling fans in America how great I am. They have forgotten the skills and abilities of the Butcher, and it is time they be reminded. And because I wish to stomp Dusty Rhodes into the ground once again just as I did to him in Georgia years ago.

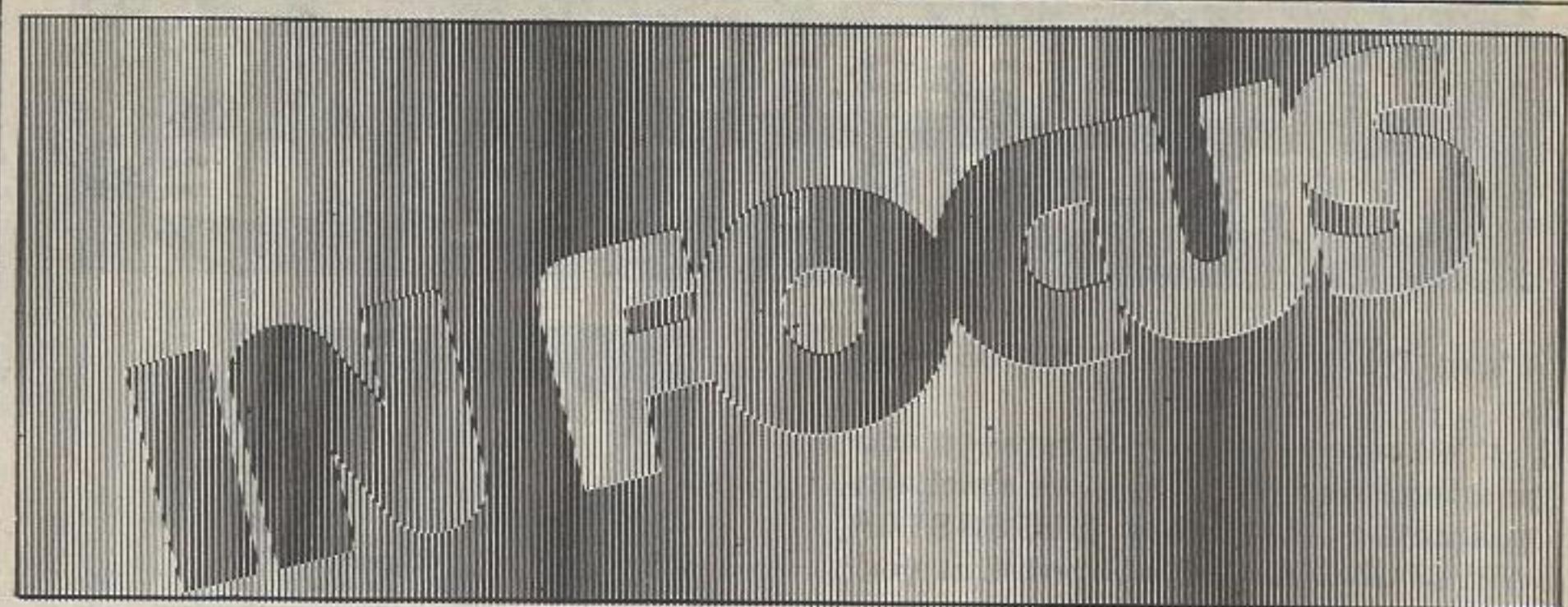
PETERS: But weren't you fined for using foreign objects against Dusty in Georgia back then?

ABDULLAH: I never . . .

APTER: That's right, weren't you fined several thousand dollars for using forks in your matches against Dusty?

ABDULLAH: Go! Get out! I refuse to answer any more of your idiotic questions. This interview is over. □





With CRAIG PETERS

THE PWI T-SHIRT CONTEST



As I dig my way out from under a pile of mail that seems to double in size every time I look at it, I realize that the "In Focus" T-shirt contest has become one of the most popular features of this magazine.

Two months ago we asked

you to identify the wrestler who was giving an elbowsmash to Greg Gagne in Winnipeg, Manitoba, a decade ago. Literally hundreds of correct answers crossed my desk, but the winning entry (picked out of a box containing all the correct entries

just before deadline) belonged to Glenn Courtney of Mississauga, Ontario. Congratulations are extended to Glenn, who should be proudly wearing his PWI T-shirt by now.

If you want to win a free T-shirt, all you've got to do is identify the individual in this photograph. Too many people have been getting the right answers in these contests, so I've decided to eliminate any hints except for the place and date where the photo was taken. This one was taken in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1968.

Send all answers (don't forget your T-shirt size: small, medium, large, or extra large) to In Focus/PWI, Box 48, Rockville Centre, New York 11571. Good luck!

FAN POLL UPDATE

Last issue, *Pro Wrestling Illustrated* presented a special fan ballot for you to vote for the greatest wrestlers and achievements of 1983. You probably won't be able to find copies of the magazine still on the newsstands, but you can still vote for your favorites in nine important categories:

Wrestler of the Year, Rookie of the Year, Most Improved

Wrestler of the Year, Most Popular Wrestler of the Year, Most Hated Wrestler of the Year, Inspirational Wrestler of the Year, Tag Team of the Year, Manager of the Year, and Match of the Year.

Thousands of ballots have already poured into our offices, and if you want your voice to be heard, it's really very simple. Just write down your choices for the above categories on a piece

of paper or a postcard and mail your selections to: YEAR END VOTE c/o Pro Wrestling Illustrated, Box 48, Rockville Centre, New York 11571.

Results of the fan poll will be presented next month in a spectacular year-end issue of PWI. The March issue goes on sale December 20, so be sure to get down to your newsstand early. It's sure to be a sellout!

PWI PRESS CONFERENCE RETURNS TO TELEVISION!

Some of you might remember about six months back when Senior Editor Bill Apter and I traveled to Atlanta and conducted several interviews for *World Championship Wrestling*.

Well, the "Pro Wrestling Illustrated Press Conferences" are now back and better than ever. We've gotten rid of the Hawaiian shirts, Bill got himself a better haircut, and I decided to wear a tie for the first time since Apter got married last May.

As you can see by this photo, the interviews weren't always forums for cool, calm, and rational discussion. In this particular case, Buzz Sawyer reacts angrily to a fan's question asking him why he pulled Brett Wayne out of the ring in Atlanta's Omni when Wayne was being double-teamed by The Road Warriors.



Peters, Ellering, Sawyer, & Apter

Other interviews were conducted with Tommy Rich, Pistol Pez Whatley, Mr. Wrestling, Mr. Wrestling II, The Road Warriors, and Wayne.

The PWI Press Conferences will be a semiregular feature of *World Championship Wrestling*. One part of each Press Confer-

ence is a fan question directed to the wrestler being interviewed. If you want to send in a question for your favorite wrestler, mail it to PWI Press Conference, Box 48, Rockville Centre, New York 11571. If we use your question on the air, you'll receive a free PWI T-shirt.

JERRY GILBERT? EDDIE LAWLER?



Jerry Lawler

Everyone knows about Eddie Gilbert's talents inside the wrestling ring, but few people know of Eddie's talents as an impressionist.

His Richard Nixon voice is su-

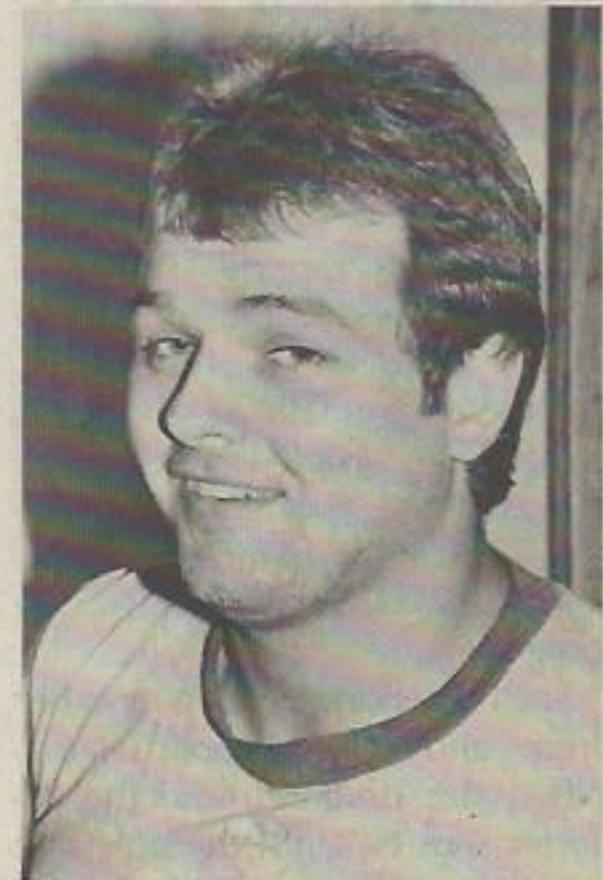
perb, as are his John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Jimmy Stewart impressions. His Terry Funk, Jerry Lawler, and Dusty Rhodes impressions are all excellent.

While we can't bring you the voices in our magazine, the camera is able to capture the fact that Eddie is able to reproduce not only the sounds, but the sights of the people he imitates—he's clearly got the Jerry Lawler expression perfected!

"One of these days I hope to be able to team up with Jerry," Eddie continued. "He's a great wrestler, and I really respect his skills in the ring. I think we'd make a great team."

Does Gilbert think Lawler will be offended by his impression of him?

"No, not at all," Gilbert laughed. "I like Jerry a lot, and I know he enjoys a good laugh.



Eddie Gilbert

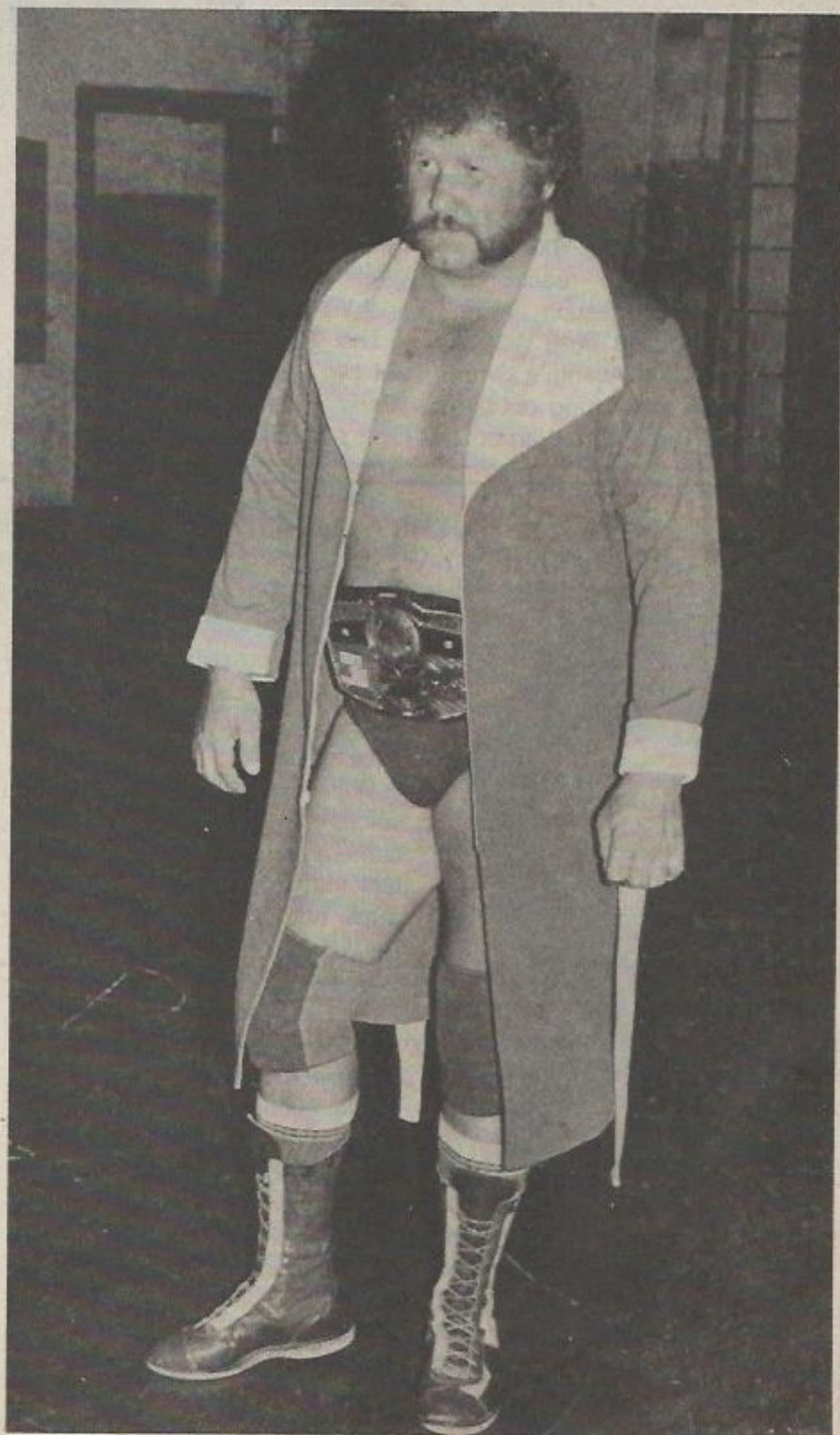
He's got a very unique face, and actually I find him pretty easy to imitate. I challenged him once to do an impression of me, but he wouldn't even try—he says he's still working on it!" □

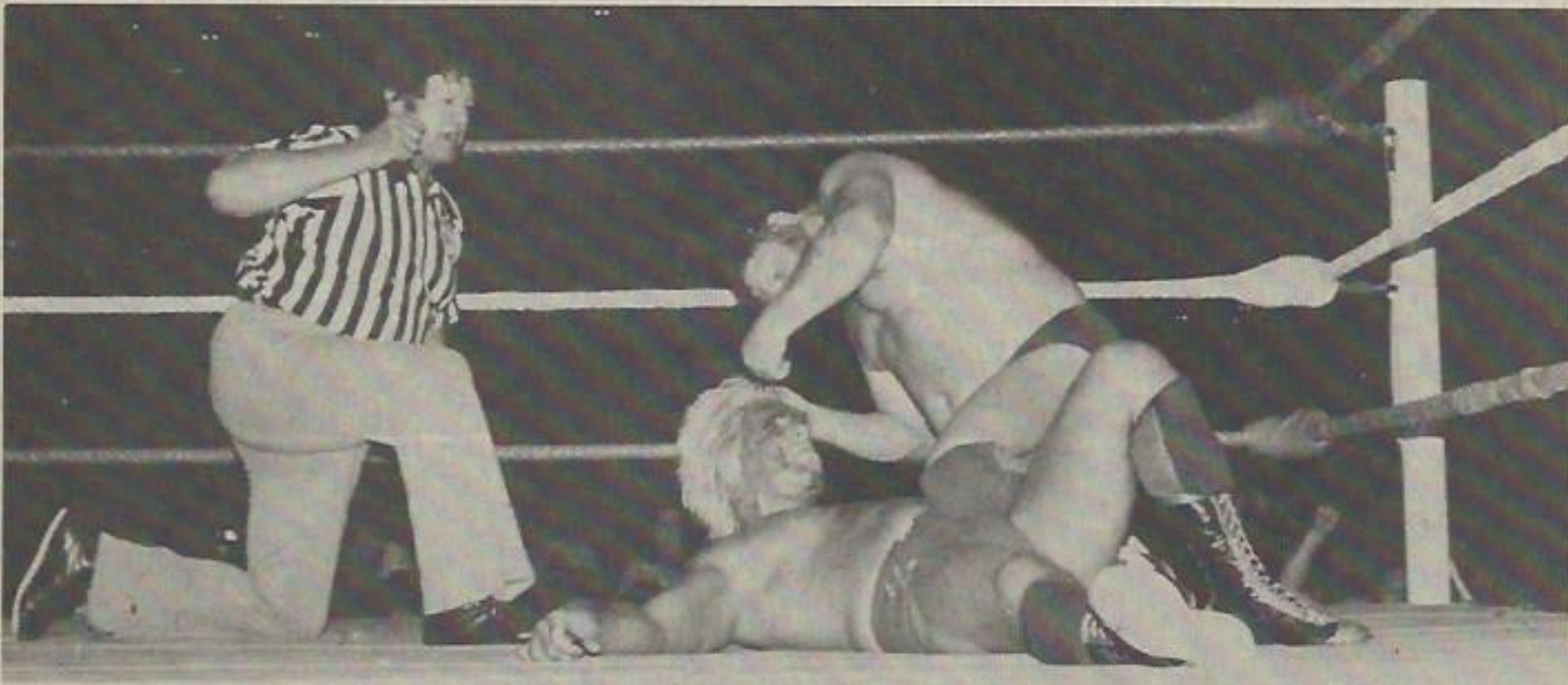
HARLEY RACE: “I'D FORGOTTEN HOW LONELY IT IS TO BE CHAMPION”

Once again, Harley Race enjoys the honor and privileges of being NWA world champion, a title he has won seven times. Each reign has been different, and his current reign promises to be no exception. Yet one thing remains the same, and this time the anguish is greater than ever

IT'S ABOUT AN hour before dawn. The reporter wants to leave; it's been a long night that should have ended hours ago. Yet there's something about his companion, Harley Race, that makes the reporter stay. The NWA World champion needs somebody to talk with him tonight.

So the reporter orders another drink and Race keeps talking. When the drink arrives, the reporter sees he's not the only one aching to go home. The waitress, looking as if her boyfriend will never believe where she's been so late, asks again if this will be the last round and wouldn't they want a check. The reporter takes the drink, shrugs his shoulders, and the waitress leaves. For her, no matter when these customers





Driven by his uncontrollable desire to regain the NWA World heavyweight championship, Harley Race overcame tremendous odds to dethrone Ric Flair in June (above). Race kneedrops Mike Graham during a defense in West Palm Beach, Florida (right). The champion has very little time to spend with his wife, Yvonne, and his son, Justin (below).

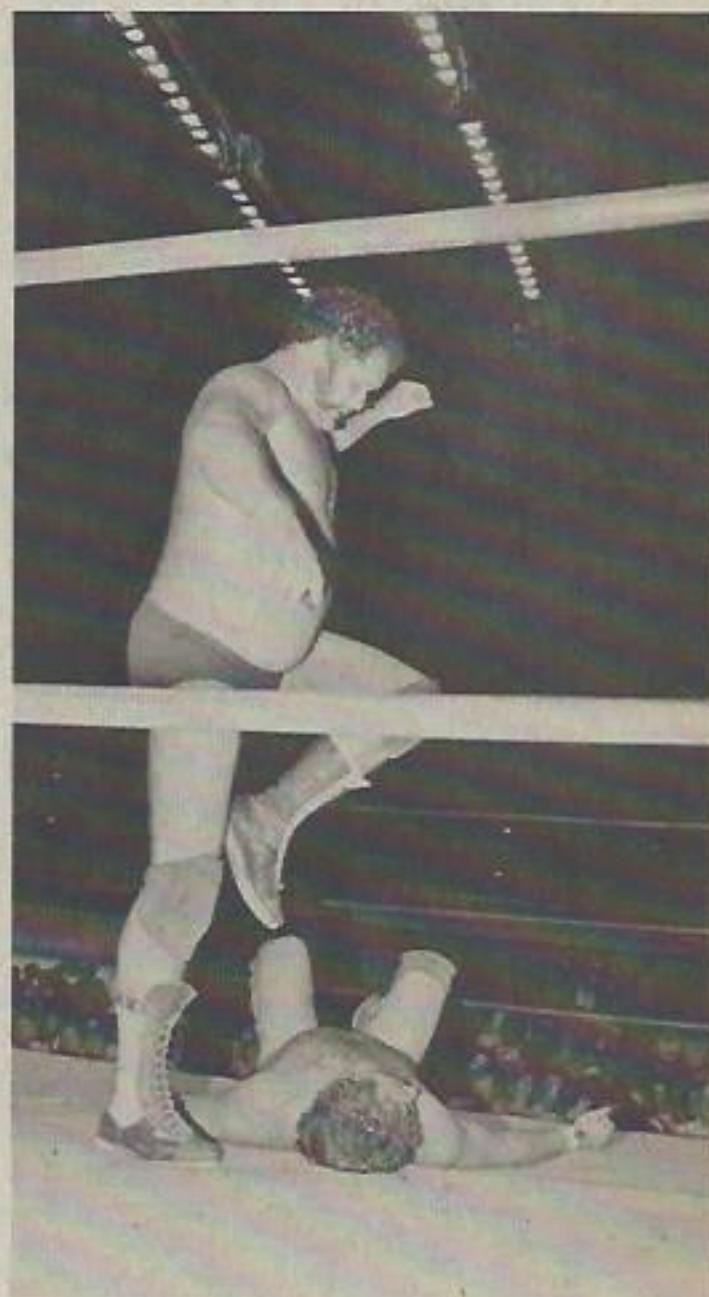


leave, the night won't be over for a long time. Her troubles are only beginning.

Race doesn't notice. When a man is just this side of sadness he doesn't notice much. Race is a tired man, exhausted by his own success. The first athlete to ever win the NWA title seven times, he is a victim of his victories. He is champion. It gets harder all the

time.

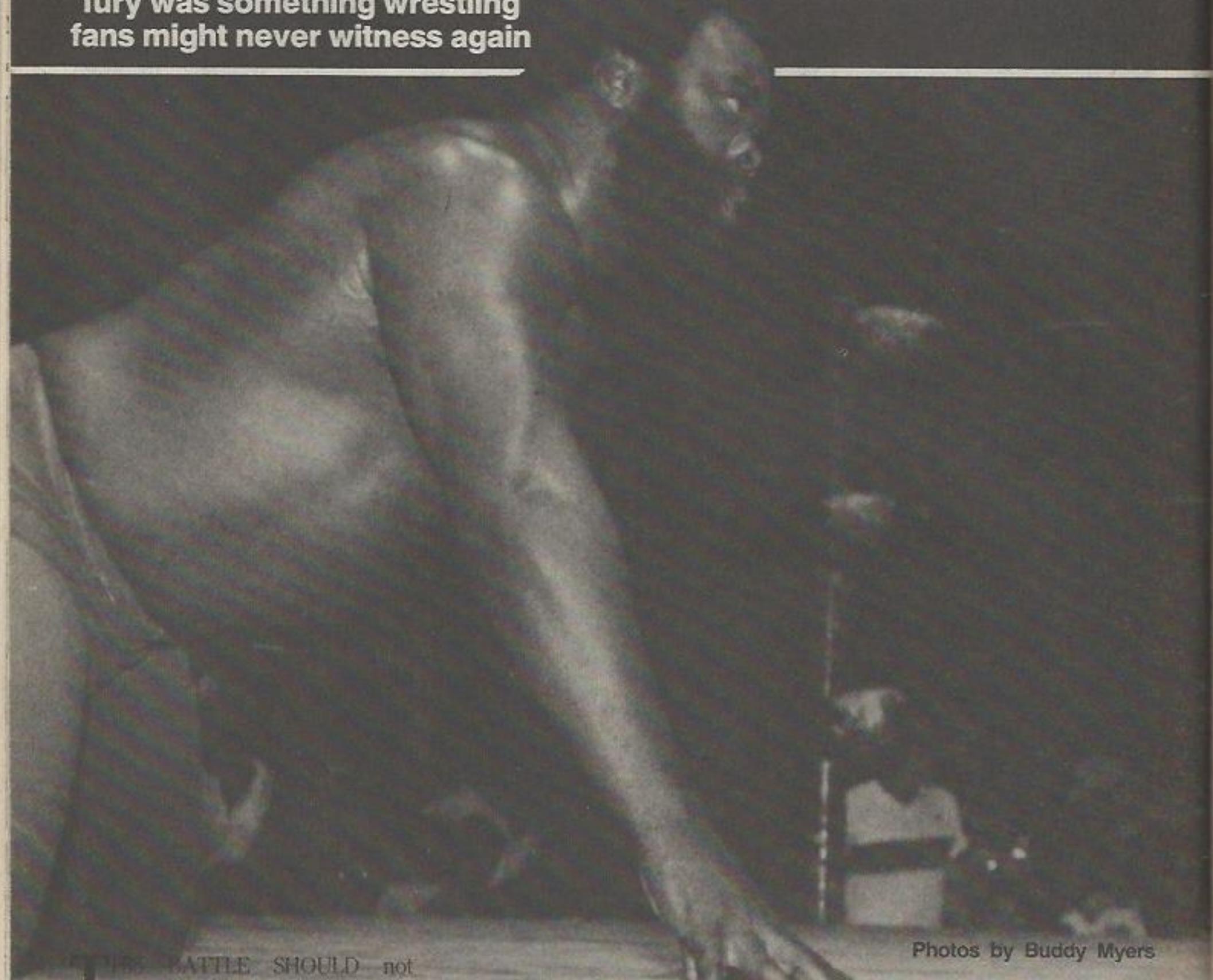
"When you're champion," Race is saying, "everyone is your enemy. You are a symbol of their ambition. You're also proof of their failure. I always felt like a bum when I saw the NWA king when I was only a challenger. His belt was the victory I couldn't get. No matter how many times I won the belt myself, I never felt



like anything but a failure when I didn't have it.

"So the champion stands alone in all things. Some guys think they have friends, but they're kidding themselves. Basically, every colleague hates your guts. The first time I won the title, I didn't have it long enough to get lonely. Each time afterward, the
(Continued on page 54)

It was a match that followers of both Mid-South Wrestling and World Championship Wrestling had anxiously awaited. "Mad Dog" Buzz Sawyer and the Junkyard Dog met in the ring, and the manic display of unleashed fury was something wrestling fans might never witness again



Photos by Buddy Myers

BATTLE SHOULD not have taken place in a wrestling ring. A six-foot pit dug into the ground would have been a more suitable location for an encounter of this nature. The participants called themselves professional wrestlers, but there was no wrestling going on in the ring on this night.

Junkyard Dog and "Mad Dog" Buzz Sawyer leered at each other, hunched down on all fours in the center of the ring. Their eyes

glowed with a burning hatred. One might have wondered why these two strangers had any reason to hate each other.

"I just let people be," Junkyard Dog said in his dressing room before the match. "I don't stick my nose in anybody's business—that is, until they start talkin' trash about me. Now, I had been hearing that there was this guy callin' himself a

mad dog, and I said to myself, I said, 'Dog, there's another dog around here. You better start thinkin' about protectin' your turf.'

"I was watchin' him at home on television, and he's screamin' and yellin' and makin' a damned fool of himself, talkin' to the folks about how he's the Mad Dog, and that he's so bad.

"I was just sittin' there, laughin' at him, but then I stopped laughin'

DOG FIGHT!

The Vicious War Between Buzz Sawyer And Junkyard Dog



"Mad Dog" Buzz Sawyer, his face soaked with blood, sinks his teeth into Junkyard Dog's chest.

and started listenin'. Now he was talkin' about me. I don't mind what he does on TV, but where does he get off throwin' my name all over the place? 'I can beat the Junkyard Dog,' he says. Junkyard Dog is this, Junkyard Dog is that. Then he starts talkin' about what he's gonna do to me when he gets me in the ring, and his pretty boy manager, *Precious Paul Ellering*, he starts in, too. Well, if they wanted my attention, they got it.

"No one talks bad about the Dog," he continued. "And when they do, they better be able to stand behind what they say. I got on the phone and called my good friend Paul Boesch in Houston. I said, 'Paul, I wanna shut that damn fool up! Get me that Mad Dog!'"

Sawyer and Ellering made some last-minute preparations for the

match in their dressing room at the Sam Houston Coliseum.

"Who's the Dog?" Ellering screamed.

"I'm the Dog!" Sawyer yelled in reply.

"Show me. Show me you're the dog!"

"Grrrrrr. Grrrrrr," Sawyer growled as he got down on all fours.

(Continued on page 58)

Greg "The Hammer" Valentine:

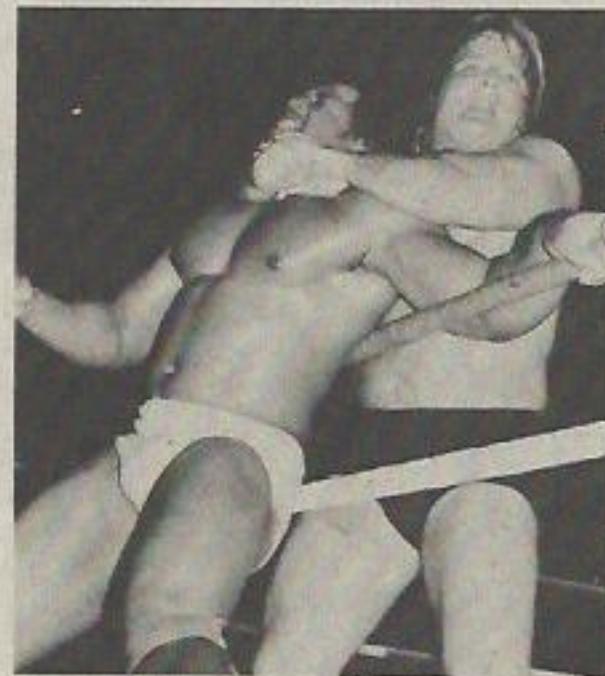
Wrestling is no stranger to cruelty. It's a sport where pain is an accepted fact. Some men excel at inflicting pain, men who can't separate victory from brutality.

And there is one man who has proven himself more savage than the rest. His story will shock you!

EVEN SITTING MOTIONLESS in his dressing room before a match, Greg Valentine looks dangerous. The set features, stolidly confronting anyone and everyone, warns strangers not to approach. His is a miserly face; nothing prominent or inviting. His small eyes are cold, bullets buried in a hard skull. His whole expression is a dare no one would willingly wish to take.

When he's called to the ring for a match, Valentine's body tenses. His mouth sets into an expression one is tempted to describe as a snarl, but it's something crueler. Energy comes into his eyes and his stare seems to consume you. He stands quickly in one fluid motion. Without hesitation, he strides out of the dressing room and into the ring. One can tell when he gets to the arena by the cacophony of boos that literally cause the stands to vibrate. Valentine doesn't seem to notice. His total attention is focused on the opponent waiting in the ring.

During the match, Valentine gives the crowd a terrifying exhibition of wrestling savagery. He's more than cruel, for cruelty without



power is worthless. What is horrifying about Valentine is that his awesome power is at the bidding of his inhuman cruelty. With brutality as the motivation and remarkable athletic skills as the means, Valentine's matches become a study in terror.

His opponents have called him many things, none of them complimentary. It is Roddy Piper who is the most serious critic, his rage tempered by thought. Piper understands that Valentine is much more than simply one of the most hateful and hated men in wrestling.

"He's a savage genius," Piper declares, "and I guess you could call part of that a compliment. He trains



himself to instantly know how to inflict the most pain. He's a student of cruelty, forcing himself to know where to hit hardest to cause the most damage. Now there are a lot of guys in wrestling who should be in a cage. The difference between them and Valentine is that Valentine works so much harder at being savage. He delights in discovering fine points to make himself that much more dangerous. The big mistake most wrestlers make is underestimating him. He's a very subtle athlete."

Watching Valentine tear into an opponent proves Piper's point. When the man is at his evil best,

WRESTLING SAVAGE GENIUS

ING'S

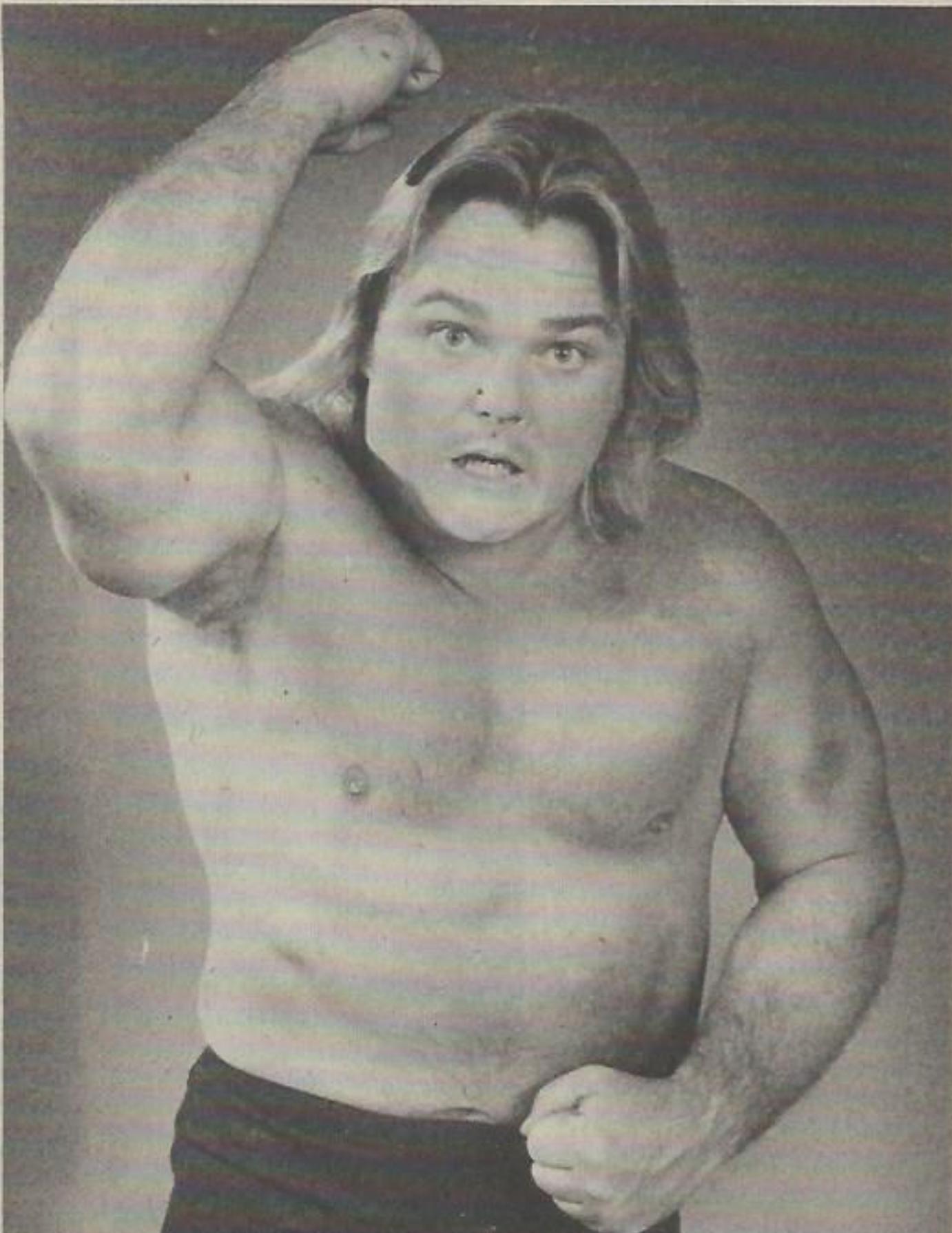


PHOTO BY
MARK L.

his foe is almost assured a trip to the hospital. There is no one who can regularly defeat him. Wrestler after wrestler will tell you the man has no obvious weakness.

He also knows no mercy. Even in his matches against young and inexperienced opponents, Valentine pushes himself to the limit. It has gotten to the point that most promoters won't let him take bouts against any but the best. Even if the young grappler begs—and they know a match against Valentine assures instant prominence—no promoter will allow it. They rightfully figure no kid should be destroyed by his own ambition—and Valen-

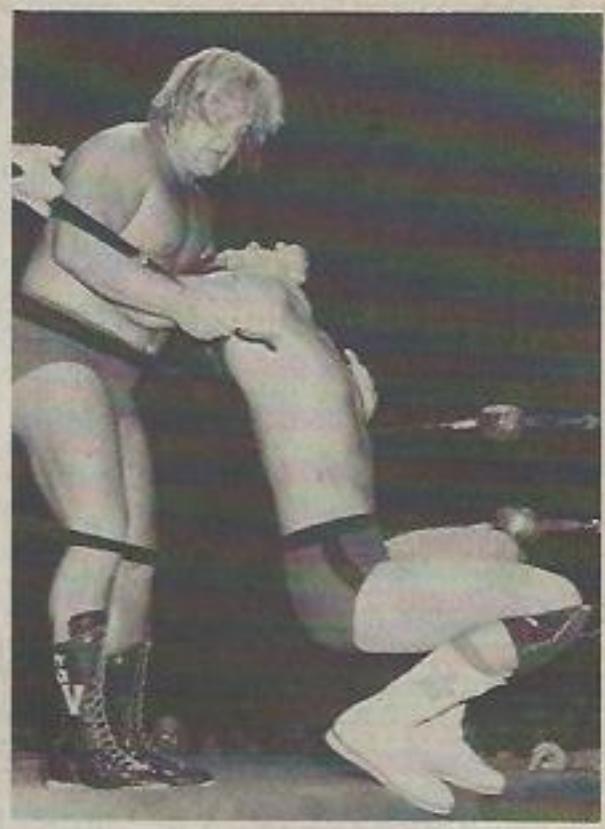
Greg Valentine was given the nickname "The Hammer" for the damage he's inflicted with his right elbow (above). But the elbowsmash is just one part of his savage attack. Valentine strangles Butch Reed (far left) and attempts to break Ric Flair's ankle by slamming it into the ringpost (left).

tine's elbowsmash.

It's the elbowsmash that has won Valentine the nickname of "The Hammer." He leaps into the air and smashes it down on his opponent's body. His favorite target is his foe's head. This gives him the chance of knocking the man senseless and giving him a concussion. It is wrong to assume each elbowsmash has the same power behind it. Valentine can control just how much he wishes to hurt an opponent. He can render a man semiconscious,

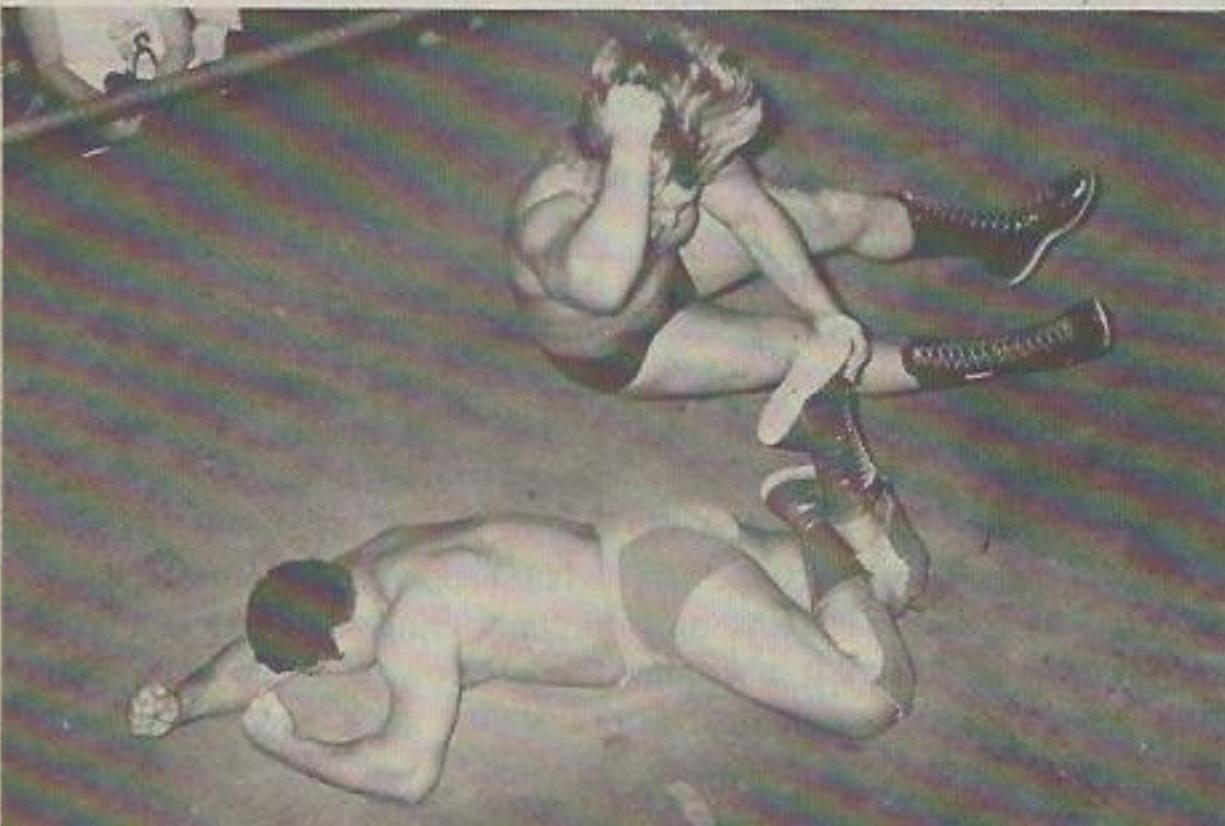
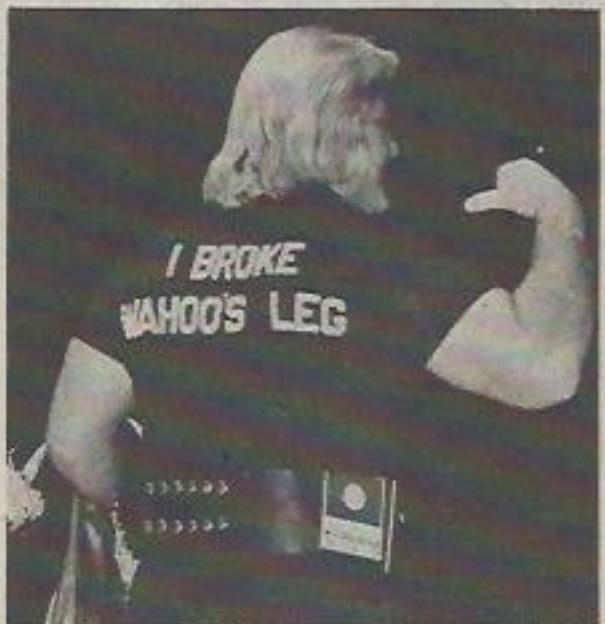
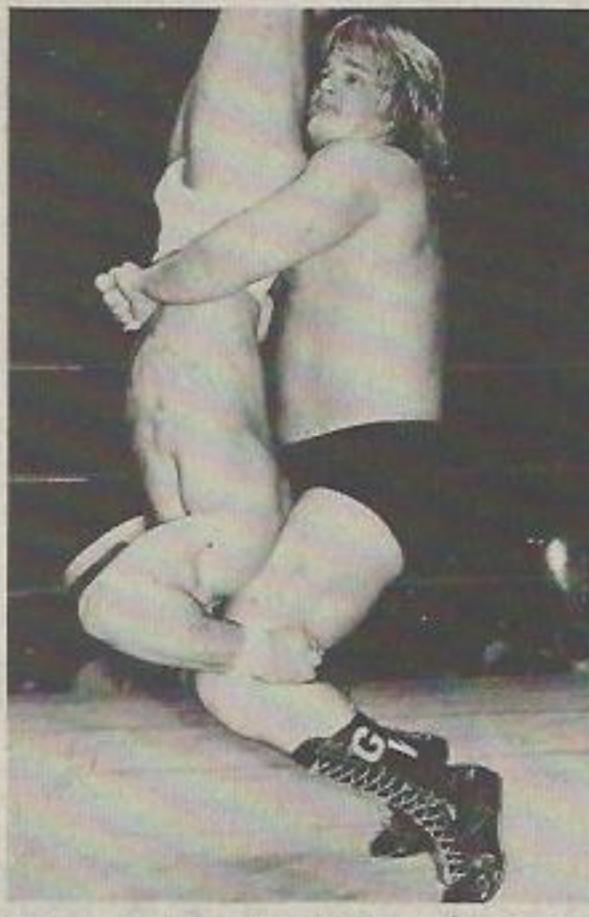
thereby allowing him more time to brutalize the helpless but supposedly functioning opponent. He can also hit just hard enough that the man becomes instinctively terrified for the rest of the match. No matter what happens, the man will involuntarily cringe the moment Valentine's elbow goes up. This allows Greg to get away with almost anything.

Valentine is also a genius at breaking the rules without detection. He manages to employ illegal



maneuvers for their most brutal effect time and time again. Even the best referees admit they can't cope with Valentine's rulebreaking ability. Though some have suggested there be two referees for each Valentine match, others say it would do no good. Greg is simply too good at disguising his rulebreaking. The man has a sixth sense; he knows where the referee is standing and what the man can't see. Two referees might cause him a little trouble at first, but after three months or so it would be as if neither of them were in the ring.

Valentine is well aware of his reputation and he delights in it. He has even gone so far as to make



An aerial view shows the agonized expression of Pedro Morales as Valentine delivers an elbowsmash while applying an overlapping toehold.

A sampling of Valentine's savage genius: against Rick Steamboat (top far left and above left), David Von Erich (above), and Kerry Von Erich (left). The Hammer gains a psychological advantage by publicizing his brutality (below).

future opponents all too aware of the havoc he's wreaked recently. Foes have gotten photographs of mangled grapplers in the mail, men battered by Valentine. No one has to guess who mailed the letters. Valentine signs the back of the photos, "You're next on my list. Looking forward to hospitalizing you. Greg 'The Hammer' Valentine."

Many people think Valentine is the most dangerous man in wrestling. Others think he's the most dangerous man in the world. His savage genius rampages through professional wrestling like a plague for which there is no cure and little hope. □

Central States Champion

SUPER DESTROYER:

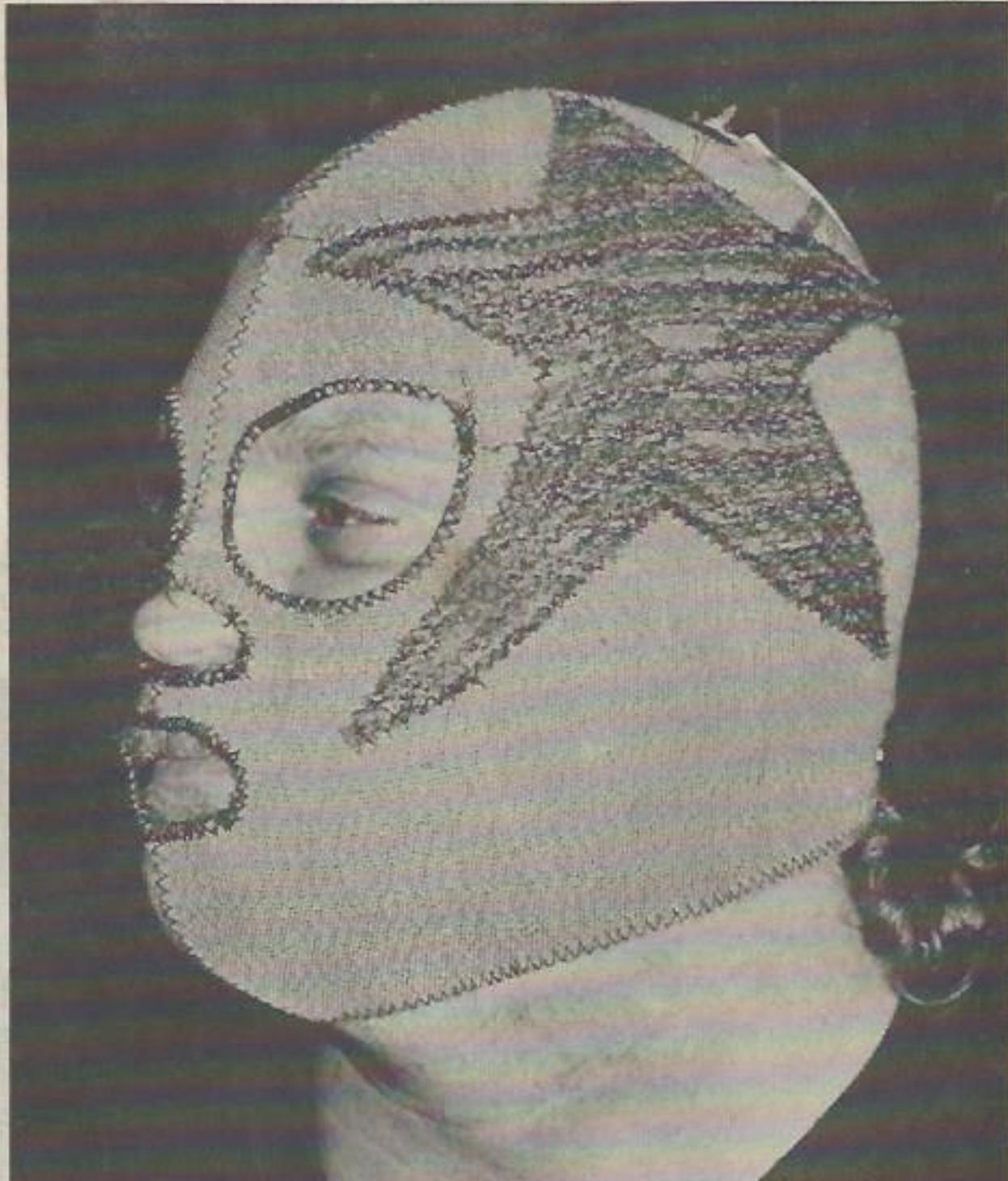
WHY HE'D BE A FAILURE WITHOUT HIS MASK

SITTING BACK IN his overstuffed chair, Super Destroyer looked the very image of a successful man. Even through his mask you could see a smile as wide as the Grand Canyon. For the masked mat star, life was good.

"Being Central States champion," he said, "is only the beginning. Within a year, I'll be NWA king. In the meantime, I'll rule this area with an iron hand. I'll crush any opposition. I'll become the most dominant force in wrestling!"

The reporter was ready to switch off the tape recorder and leave. He'd heard all this before. Every rulebreaker who wins a title insists his reign will be the most notorious in wrestling history. The journalist prepared to ask one more question and then hit the road. That last question led to another hour of discussion, perhaps the most honest discussion Super Destroyer has ever had.

"Before I go," the reporter said, "I suppose I should ask you about the mask. Now that you're so successful, why do you still feel the need to wear it? Isn't it time the



Now that he's become Central States champion, Super Destroyer has solidified his place as one of wrestling's top attractions. The notorious rulebreaker consented to this interview intending simply to brag about his title reign. Instead, he gave the most revealing interview of his life!

world saw the most feared grappler's face?"

Suddenly, Super Destroyer's body tensed. His fists clenched and his breathing quickened. He stared hard and long at the reporter. Then he looked at the tape recorder, realizing whatever he said couldn't later be denied. He took a deep breath and began.

"It's funny," the wrestler began in a soft voice, "no one has ever asked me that question before. You'd think they would have. I'd always hoped the question would never come up. Get ready, buddy. You're about to hear more truth than you ever expected from me."

Super Destroyer turned toward

the tape recorder, intent that every word should be recorded clearly.

"I can't wrestle without my mask," he began. "Before I put it on, I wasn't the same wrestler I am now. I was self-conscious, clumsy, and foolish. No one wanted anything to do with me and they were right. I'm not going to reveal what I called myself then. I wouldn't want anyone to say, 'So-and-so is now the Super Destroyer! Those were learning days for me. I'm not proud of the beatings I used to take to learn this sport.'

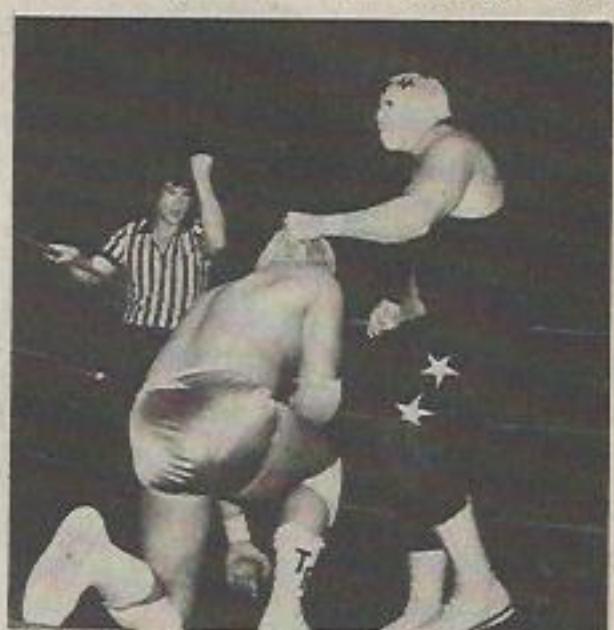
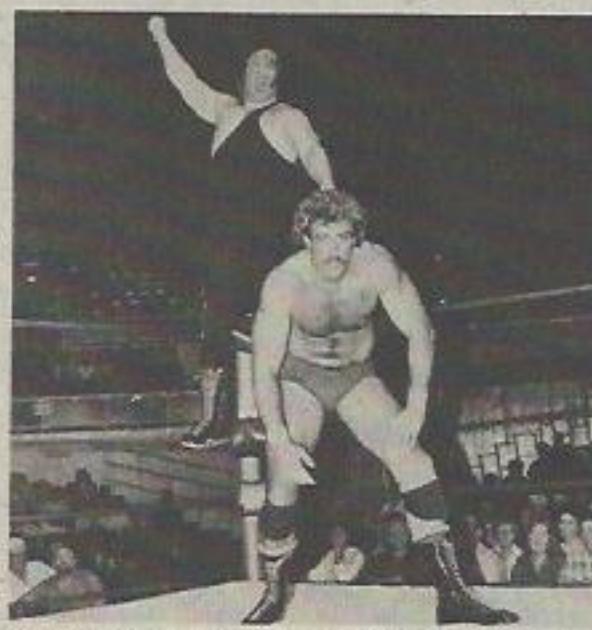
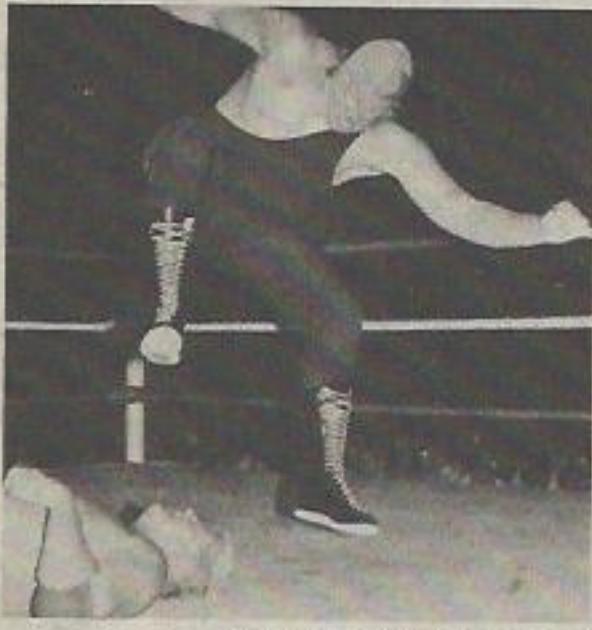
"I started to get better, more experienced, but a lot of promoters only remembered my early matches. It was hard getting the

respect I felt I deserved. So I put on the mask. It gave me a new identity. It gave me a new life."

"The clumsiness and self-consciousness disappeared. The mask brought me confidence. I believed I could do anything. I wiped up my preliminary opponents. I always knew I had the ability but it took the mask for me to realize it."

"I guess you could say the mask is a crutch. So what? A crutch is good if you gets you where you want to go. As long as I wear my mask, I'm king. If I need a mask to be king, I'll wear a mask. No one can take it off me so I have nothing to worry about."

The reporter then asked, "Are

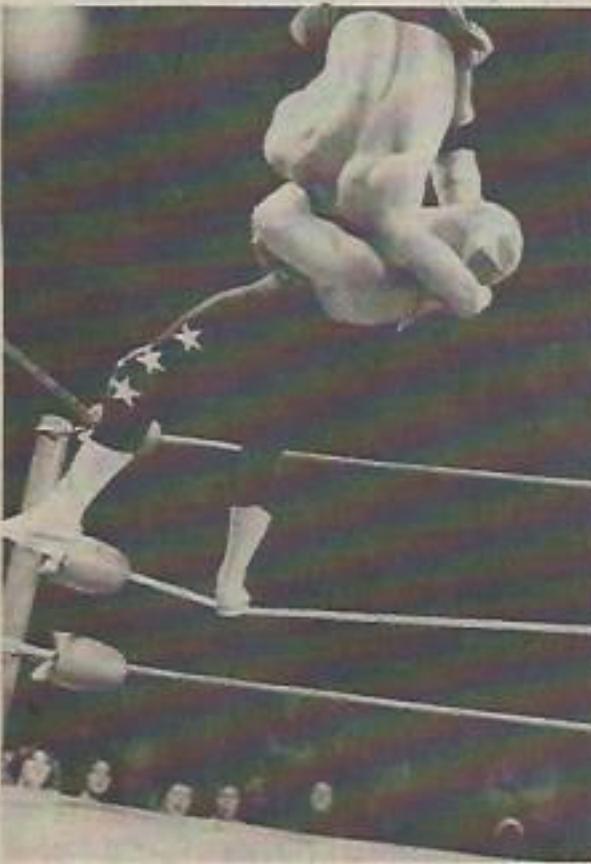


Super Destroyer drives his foot into the face of a fallen Bruiser (above left). Terry Allen makes the mistake of turning his back on Super D (above center). Super Destroyer ignores referee Nick Patrick and continues his offensive against Tommy Rich (above right). The masked rulebreaker shows his versatility as he lands a dropkick against Manny Fernandez (below).



you afraid of what will happen if someone does unmask you?"

"This is going to be the truth, right?" Super Destroyer replied through a cold smile. "Then here's the truth. Not a week goes by without my having a nightmare about it. I'm wrestling, and some guy—I never see his face—takes off my mask. As soon as I'm unmasked, the crowd starts to laugh. Hundreds of wrestlers—and I can see their faces—run into the ring and

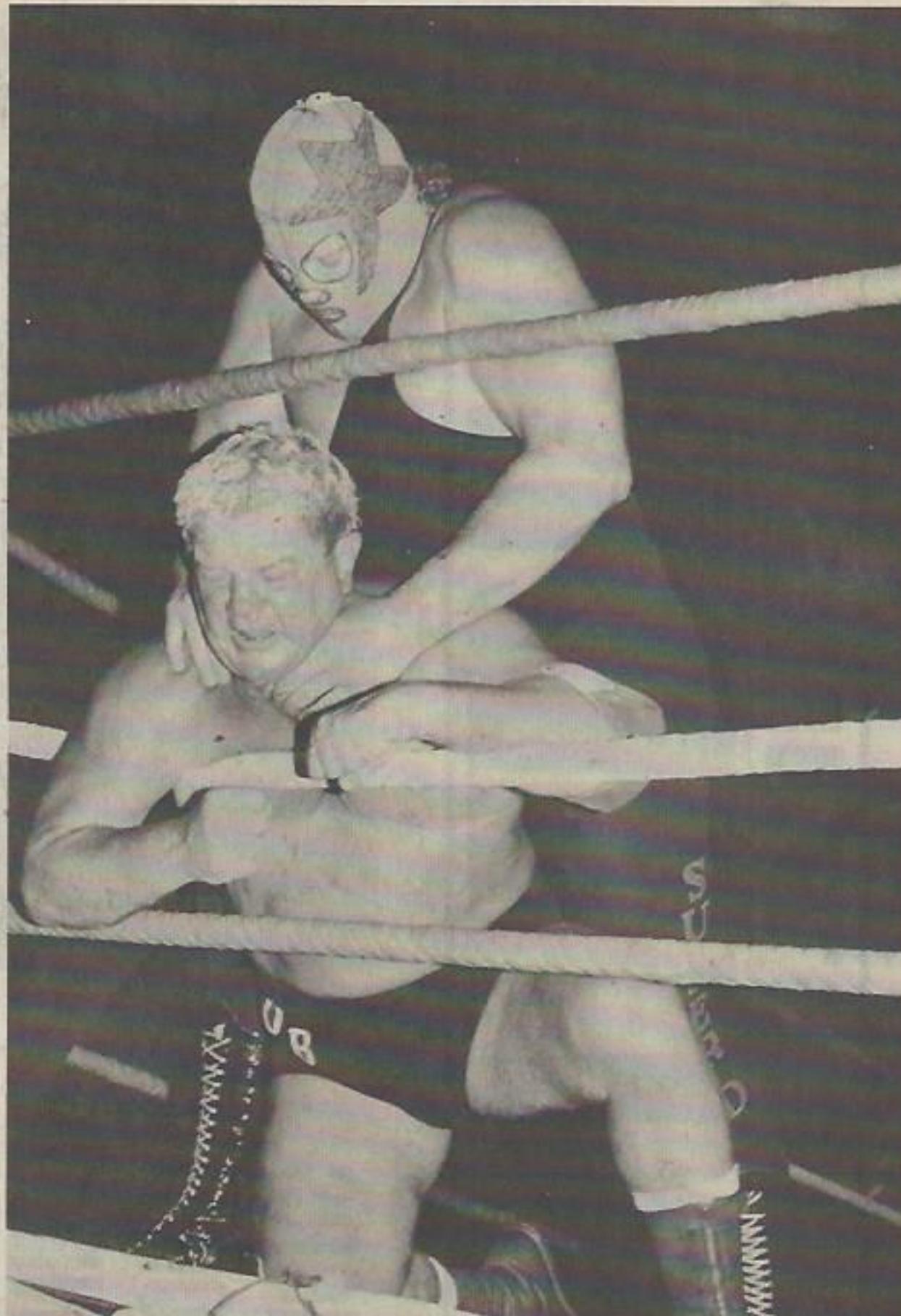


point at me. They come closer and closer, suffocating me as they crowd together. The faces change all the time, usually the guys I've recently wrestled. Then I wake up in a cold sweat."

Super Destroyer got up and started pacing the room. His voice grew increasingly louder as he talked about what would happen if his mask were ever taken away. From the way the terrors tumbled from his tongue, it was obvious these fears had plagued Super Destroyer for a long time. He recited them like a litany of horrors.

After the recitation ended, Super Destroyer sank back into his chair. He was exhausted. He looked at the tape recorder and saw the cassette still turning. He smiled.

"There's more tape, so maybe there's more to be said. All I know is that I'd be doomed without my



Super Destroyer is the originator of the deadly superplex (top left). Judging by the ferocity with which he attacks Bruiser (above), it is entirely possible that Bruiser embarrassed Super Destroyer years ago when Super D was an inept preliminary wrestler who did not wear a mask.

mask. Whatever aid it gives me I need. I'm not afraid of any man in the world. If it comes down it, I don't think I'm really afraid of death. But I am scared of even thinking about walking into an arena without my mask. Figure it.

"When I was a tag team champion with Masked Superstar, he once came to me with an idea. We'd wrestle without our masks, become the number one challengers, and then challenge ourselves for the title. He thought that was

hilariously funny. It scared the hell out of me. I started yelling at him, demanding he never even think of us wrestling without our masks. That was when I realized how much the mask meant to me. I was crazy with fear.

"And that's why America will never see me wrestle without my mask."

Super Destroyer leaned over and tried to turn off the tape recorder. His hand shook too badly to hit the knob. □

★★★★★ WRESTLING ★★★★★ ENQUIRER

ROAD WARRIORS PETITION FOR WORLD RECOGNITION

BY CRAIG PETERS

ATLANTA—In a startling move that has caught the entire wrestling world off guard, The National tag team champion Road Warriors have petitioned NWA President Bob Geigel for official NWA World tag team title recognition.

"We've beaten every team in wrestling," said the Road Warrior known as Hawk. "We've had the Funks, we've had the Armstrongs, we've had the Briscos. We stomped the Briscos into the dust, and

they're the NWA World tag team champions. They don't deserve that recognition, we do!"

"We want Geigel to strip the Briscos of their title, and give it to us," Hawk continued. "We've beaten them once, and they've avoided us for a rematch. That should prove to anyone that we're the rightful World champions."

NWA President Bob Geigel refused to comment on the Road Warriors' request.



The Road Warriors—Hawk and Animal—are not pleased with the amount of recognition they've received as National tag team champions.

Ric Flair's "Retirement" A Hoax

BY JOSEPH BUA

Charlotte, NC—After saying he suffered severe neck, back, and rib injuries as the result of a sneak attack by Bob Orton Jr. and Dick Slater, Ric Flair announced his re-



Ric Flair does not use his baseball bat to hit baseballs.

tirement in a taped segment aired on televised Mid-Atlantic wrestling.

Later that evening, however, while Orton and Slater were teaming, Flair shocked the thousands of fans by running out of the dressing room with a baseball bat, causing Orton and Slater to run in panic for the exits.

"These guys are pretty stupid," Flair said. "How could they ever believe that I would actually retire? Ha! I'm not going to retire for a long time, and certainly not until I hand them the beating of their lives. A couple of wimps like Orton and Slater forcing me to retire? Ha! That'll be the day!"

the Briscoes into the dust, and Warriors' request.

National tag team champions.

Albano Forms New Tag Team

BY STU SAKS

NEW YORK—Captain Lou Albano, manager of the WWF championship tag team The Samoans, has formed a new tag team in the combination of Mr. Fuji and Tiger Chung Lee.

"These men are awesome together, they are fabulous, fantastic, phantasmagoric, they are the tag team of the future! They will wipe out all opposition, all contenders to The Samoans' title, and they will gain worldwide fame. They are great!"

While one cannot fault Albano for wanting his own team to act as policemen for the championship Samoans, one can only wonder what might happen should Mr. Fuji and Tiger Chung Lee demand a title match against the champions.



Capt. Lou Albano has formed the team of Mr. Fuji and Tiger Chung Lee as a means to protect his the WWF tag team champions, The Samoans.

Sheik Demands Martel Be Banned

BY BILL APTER

MINNEAPOLIS—Rick Martel is currently wearing a cast on his right hand and fulfilling his contractual obligations to wrestle in all of his matches, but that won't be the case for very long if Sheik Adnan Al-Kaissie has his way.

"The AWA commissioners fall all over themselves to slap a \$1,000 fine on me when they feel like it," Al-Kaissie claimed, "but when some pretty boy like Martel decided

he wants to blatantly use a cast on his opponents, they look the other way.

"It's clearly unfair," Al-Kaissie continued, "and Martel is obviously paying off the AWA commissioners. Well, I'm not about to let this situation continue. Martel is a menace to all decent wrestlers in the AWA, and he should be banned from competition until that cast is off his arm permanently."

AROUND THE GLOBE

ROANOKE, VA

Angelo Mosca and his son, Angelo Mosca Jr., are negotiating with Mid-Atlantic promoters for a series of tag team matches in the area against Kevin Sullivan and The Purple Haze. "Running them out of Florida was good for Florida," Mosca Sr. said, "but we can't stop until we run them out of wrestling."

DALLAS, TX

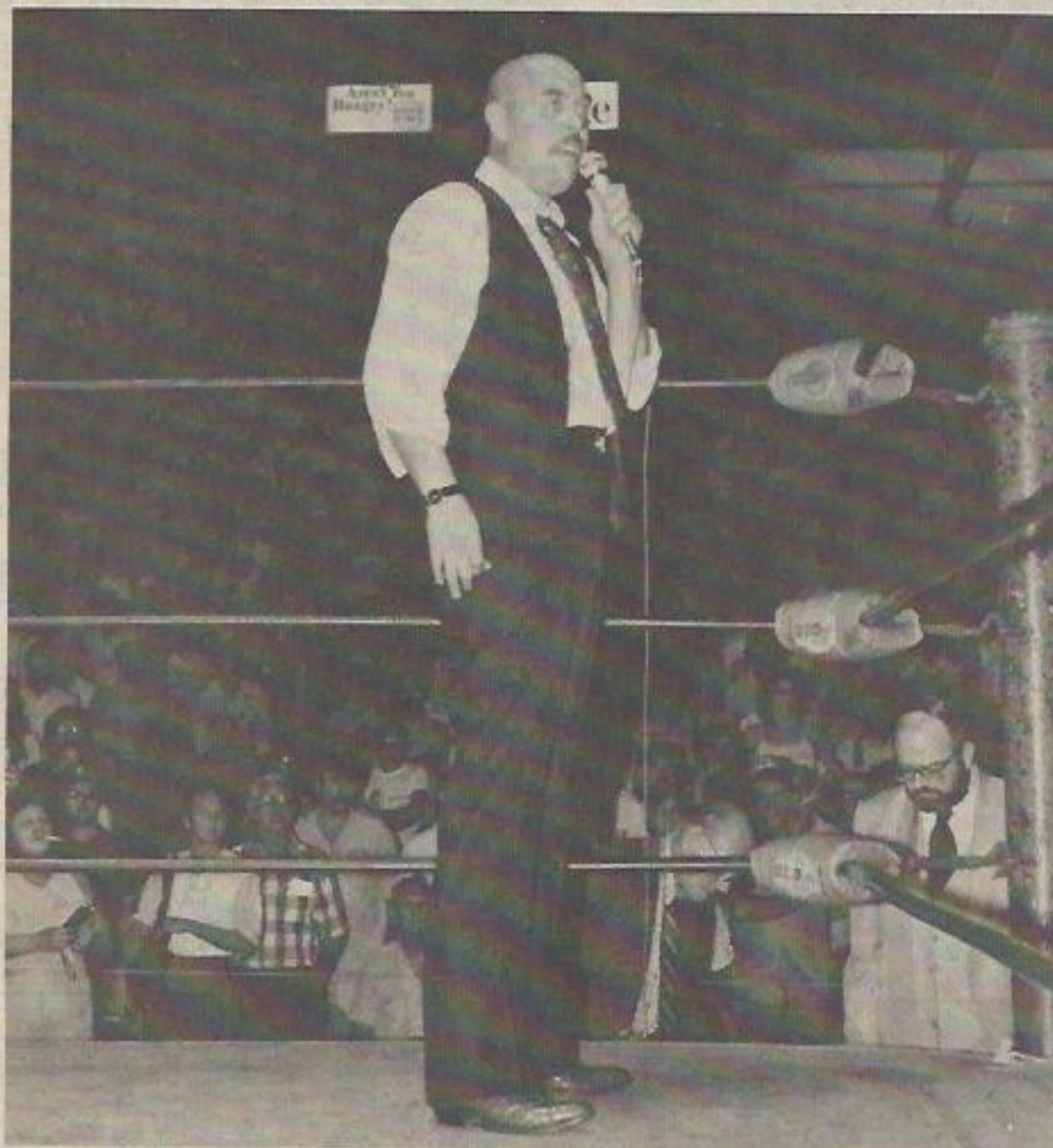
Another Von Erich—Mike—is preparing to make his debut as a professional wrestler. Mike says he has spent the last two years in the gym working with his brothers trying to master the sport's basics. Although Mike says he is anxious to get involved in his family's feud with The Freebirds, it is doubtful that he will be moved along that quickly.

NEW ORLEANS, LA

Missing in action since losing a Loser Leave Town Match in the Carolinas, One Man Gang has surfaced here as a member of Gen. Skandor Akbar's "Devastation Inc." This is OMG's second stint in the area, his first under the leadership of Akbar.

Gary Hart Warns The Fans

“DON’T LET JIM VALIANT MAKE A FOOL OF YOU”



Gary Hart takes the ring microphone and tries to convince the fans in Greensboro, North Carolina, that Charlie Brown is in fact Jimmy Valiant.

Photos by Floyd See

“**L**OOK AT THAT,” Gary Hart said pointing to the magazine in his hand. “Just look and tell me I’m wrong.” Hart held open the centerfold of the May 1983 issue of *Pro Wrestling Illustrated*, practically pressing it into the face of NWA official Sandy Scott.

“So, it’s Jimmy Valiant,” Scott replied.

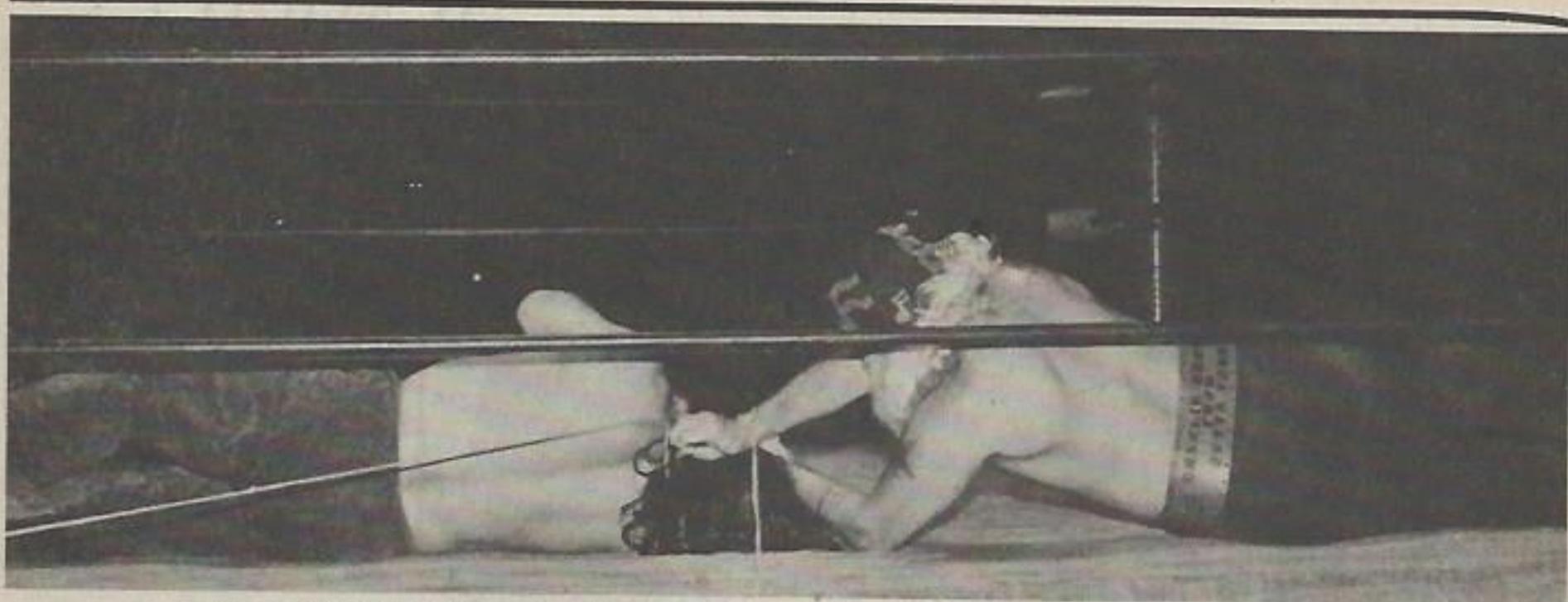
“No,” Hart said in his best impersonation of Valiant, “it’s Charlie Brown, the new man in town.” Hart coughed after imitating the raspy-voiced Valiant.

“Hart,” an annoyed Scott said. “I can’t believe I came all the way to your office to listen to this again. How many times do I have to explain this? You’re gonna have to prove it. Until an NWA official sees the man unmasked, he is Charlie Brown. His license says Charlie Brown, the commission doctor examined a man named Charlie Brown . . .”

“The doctor examined him with his mask on?”

“Why not, they don’t check for acne blemishes during the physical. Now lis-

Gary Hart is a frustrated man. He thought he was finally rid of Jimmy Valiant when the “Boogie Woogie Man” lost a Loser Leave Town Match to The Great Kabuki. But now a man who wears a mask and calls himself Charlie Brown is making the manager’s life miserable. And nobody, including the fans, will admit that they know who the masked man really is!



Hart has instructed The Great Kabuki to unmask Brown and reveal his true identity. Brown shows Kabuki that that will not be an easy task (above). Kabuki grabs Brown's mask but cannot remove it (below left). Brown calls out to his fans before going on the attack (below right).



ten to me, Hart. Like I said, if you can prove to an NWA official that Charlie Brown is Jimmy Valiant, he'll be suspended for one year."

"And then what happens, he comes back with another mask and we have to unmask him again? Is that what happens?"

Scott turned and walked toward the door, not caring to listen to Hart's enraged babbling.

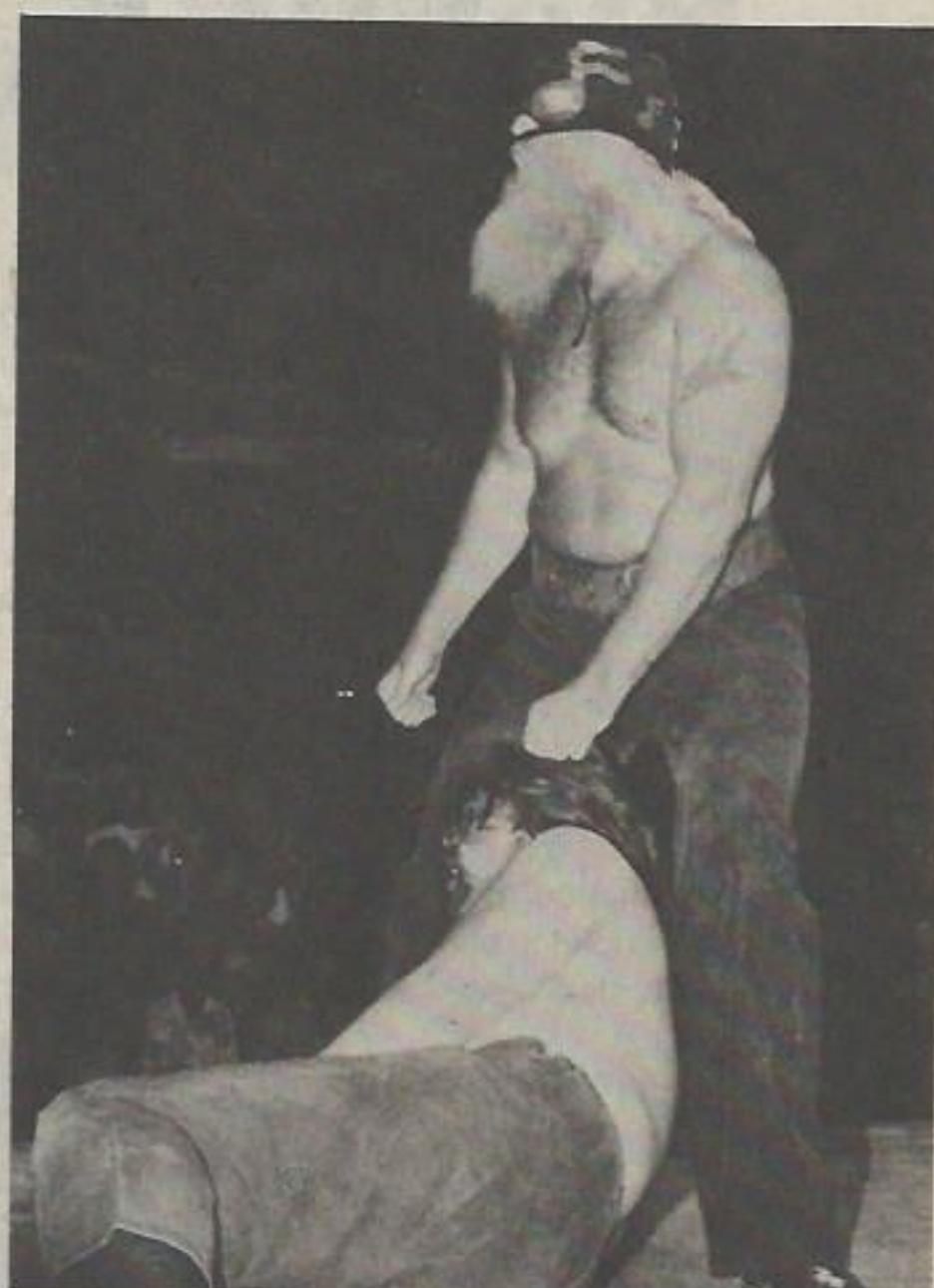
"Huh?" Hart screamed after him. "Is that what happens? Sure, next he'll come back as Linus, and then Schroeder, and then he'll wear a dress into the ring and say he's Peppermint Patty."

Hart was frustrated. He thought he had finally run Valiant out of the Mid-Atlantic region when his wrestler, The Great Kabuki, defeated the "Boogie Woogie Man" in a Loser Leave Town

Match.

"Valiant leaves and this man with a long white beard and a mask comes into the area," Hart said. "Am I supposed to believe that anyone else in the world has a beard like that? I guess it's just a coincidence that he walks and talks just like Valiant, and he wrestles just like Valiant, and that Valiant's friends are his friends."

(Continued on page 62)



LOOKING AT... Matt Brock:

I HAVE TO give Magnificent Muraco credit: I never thought he would hang on to the WWF Intercontinental belt as long as he has. But he has, and he's weathered two pretty rough storms—Rocky Johnson and Jimmy Snuka—in doing so.

Johnson and Snuka. I would have laid eight-to-five that either one of them would have taken the belt from Muraco by now, but they haven't. Muraco has even proved he is a superior champion in a couple of steel cage wars against Snuka.

Superior champion: What does that mean? In some cases, it means knowing how to use the title to your own advantage. It means knowing how to get yourself disqualified in order to save the title. It means being able to outthink your opponent, to stay one step ahead of him at all times.

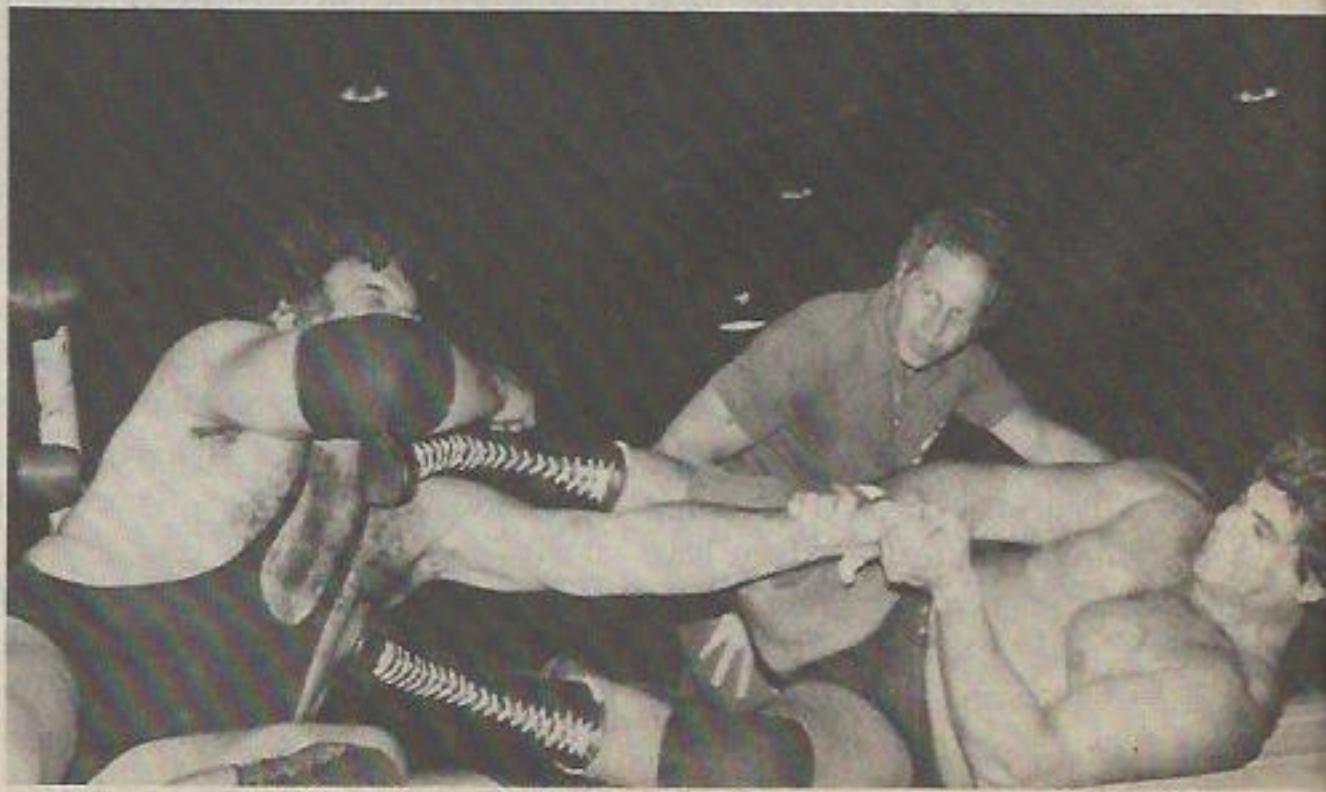
Muraco knows how to do all this, but he's also got a considerable battery of wrestling moves and maneuvers, and that's something that people forget when they look at him. People see Muraco

and they think of a boastful man who struts onto television interviews with the belt over his shoulder instead of around his waist. They think of a snide man who spits in the face of Jimmy Snuka because "The Superfly" is getting more cheers from the fans than he is. They think of a bum who waltzes around in a Hawaiian shirt and lazes around on the beach.

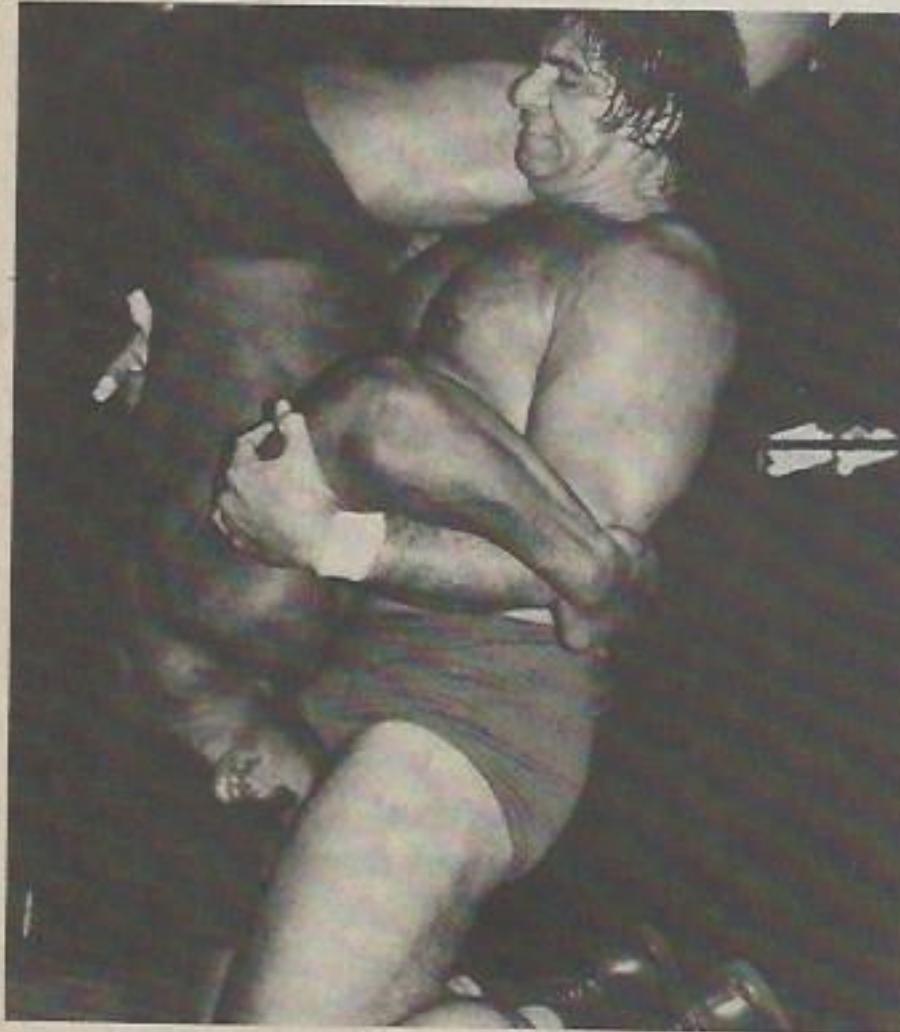
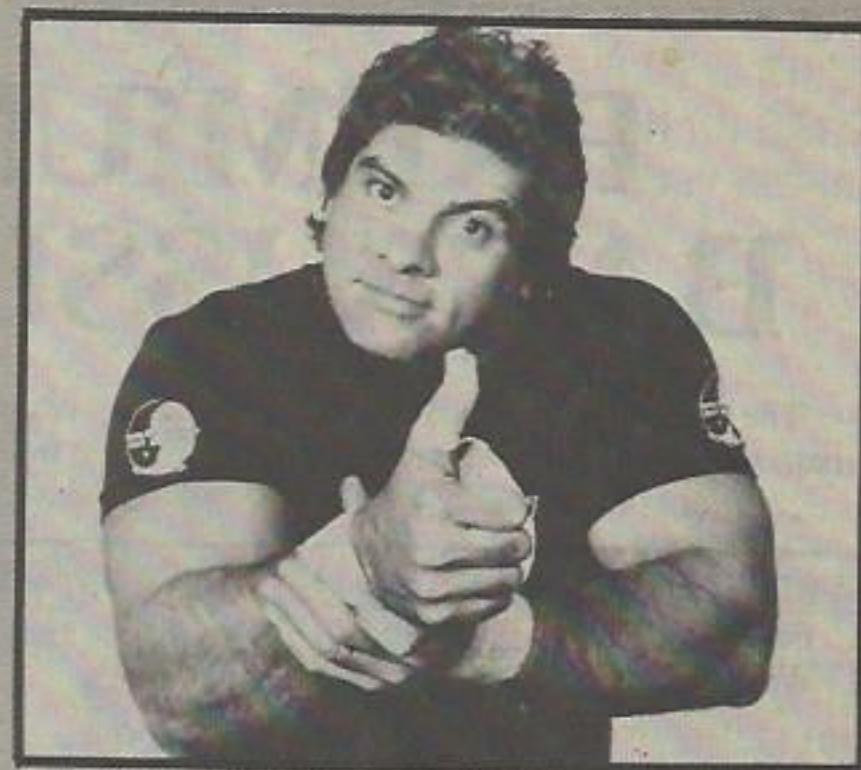
But they forget about the cunning craftsman who is able to improvise brand new moves on the spot, an awesome talent that few

other wrestlers possess. Faced with a unique situation in that ring, Muraco will just as likely as not come up with a unique counter to that situation.

People forget about Muraco the scientist, who is able to execute classically complex scientific maneuvers, who can use an abdominal stretch as efficiently as Ric Flair. Muraco is no slouch as far as the science of wrestling goes, and he's brilliant when it comes to choosing precisely when to apply that science.



MAGNIFICENT MURACO



Muraco uses his legs to try to separate Angelo Mosca's shoulder (opposite left). The Intercontinental champion improvises a piledriver from his knees against Rocky Johnson (above). Disregarding the referee, Muraco reaches through the ropes to pummel Mosca (right).

Now don't get me wrong, folks, I don't particularly like Muraco. I think he's got a long way to go to grow up. He's something of a case of arrested development: a childish mind in a man's body.

But even though I don't really like Muraco, I've got to admire him. I admire his skills. I admire his guts. And I respect him for the damage that he can do inside the

ring. Lord knows that if I were Tito Santana, or Salvatore Bellomo, or Ivan Putski, I'd want to stay the hell away from Muraco as much as possible.

He's mean, but he's smart. He's childishly egotistical, but he's got a grown man's hunger to hold on to that belt of his. I hate him but I respect him.

Muraco is a unique mixture of

skill, emotion, animal brutality, and awesome power. He's dangerous as hell, and he's got the WWF Intercontinental title, something that brings him attention and, as a result, a certain measure of power in the wrestling world.

I'm afraid Muraco is going to have that power for a long time to come. □

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RINGSIDE

(Continued from page 8)



Paul Jones accompanies The Assassins into the ring in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Jones told us, "and I know their style very well. I know what it will take to bring them to the top and I'm glad to see that they have enough confidence in my managerial expertise to turn their careers over to me. I've promised to get them a match with [NWA World tag team champions] **Jack** and **Jerry Brisco**, and they've promised to win the title. I think this arrangement will work out just fine."

AWA World champion **Nick Bockwinkel** was pinned by **Junkyard Dog** in Houston. Fortunately for Bockwinkel, it was a non-title match. JYD is seeking a rematch with Bockwinkel, this time with the AWA belt on the line.

After a very successful tour of Europe and the Orient, **Killer Karl Krupp** has signed to wrestle in Kansas City . . . The Fort Hesterly Armory, site of Tampa, Florida, wrestling since its 1953 christening when **Eddie Graham** battled **Ray Vilmer** in the main event, is now closed to wrestling and other sporting events. The city intends to use the building strictly for civic events. But Tampa wrestling has a new home: The Sundome at the University of

Tampa. It's a beautiful facility, so if you're ever in Tampa, be sure to stop by and catch the great action there . . . **Gary Hart** says that if **The Great Kabuki** cannot unmask **Charlie Brown**, then **Baron Von Raschke** is the man who will do the job. By the way, Hart took a photography course recently and is taking pictures of all Brown's matches with the hope of catching a shot of him being unmasked as **Jimmy Valiant**. If he can provide photographic proof to the NWA that Valiant is in fact Brown, Valiant will be banned from wrestling for one year! . . .

Bubba Douglas, Lakeland, Florida's favorite son, has formed a tag team combination with popular **Don Serrano**. The two have traveled to the West Indies where they have issued a challenge to the brutal, savage, undefeated **Mad Mongolians**.

Missouri State champion **David Von Erich** has a problem. St. Louis promoters tell David he must defend his title at least once every 30 days, but David has many contracts already signed for him and his brothers to wrestle

The Freebirds in Texas. David is currently negotiating to cancel some of those obligations not only to allow himself time to defend the Missouri title, but because he worries that his busy schedule might hinder his effectiveness. "That's why my brother Kerry lost the Missouri title," David explained. "He was wrestling in Texas one night and Missouri the next. And when it came to an important title defense, he was just too tired to wrestle properly. I've asked **Chris Adams** if he'd substitute for me in some Texas matches if the commissioners there okayed it. He said yes, so now all I have to do is wait for an official ruling."

Before he left for Japan, **Ted DiBiase** gave **Tommy Rich** a message "Wildfire" will never forget. After Rich achieved a controversial victory over DiBiase, Ted



Chris Adams (left) has been substituting for Kevin Von Erich recently as David Von Erich's partner.

leveled him with a solid punch with his gloved right hand. Tommy fell out of the ring bleeding and had to be rushed to the hospital. Now Tommy has a message for DiBiase. "Ted better leave that glove in Japan," Tommy said. "If he wears it in Georgia again, I plan to take it from him and use it!"

Jake "The Snake" Roberts is in Georgia looking for a title match against National champion **Brett Wayne**. Roberts has already reached the number two position in the Georgia ratings . . . **The Invaders**, number one challengers to the WWF tag team champion **Samoans**, will be traveling to Puerto Rico to wrestle World Wrestling Council tag team champions **The Masked Medics**.

That's all for now. See you at ringside. □



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DRESSING ROOM CONFIDENTIAL

(Continued from page 12)



"Jimmy Hart deserves to get the Manager of the Year award, and you're gonna make sure he gets it, if you know what's good for you!"

The caller didn't identify himself, but even out of a dead sleep I detected that the voice sounded very much like that of Jim Cornette, Jimmy Hart's managerial partner and a former *PWI* photographer.

We are moving into the final weeks of the voting for 1983's *PWI* Year-End fan awards. Your votes are currently being tabulated and the winners will be announced in the March 1984 edition of *PWI*, which will go on sale December 20. Until that magazine hits the newsstands, I am not allowed to report on the early returns, but I will say this: In some categories, the voting is extremely close. One of those categories is Manager of the Year, and I suspect that this piece of information has leaked out of this office.

Hart, who obviously does not like to get hit, chokes Rick Morton. Is the same fate in store for Stu Saks?

I was always under the impression that the year-end awards were just for fun, a way for the fans to get involved and a means to honor some deserving athletes. They weren't supposed to have any direct effect on the sport. But over the years the awards have taken on a tremendous importance to some people. I'm beginning to think that winning the *PWI* award is as important to some people as winning a title in the ring.

Jimmy Hart is one of the most egotistical people I have ever encountered. Last year, Hart finished fourth in the voting, almost 2,000 votes behind the winner, James J. Dillon. After the vote totals were announced, Hart stormed into our offices and demanded a recount. "I couldn't have come in fourth," he said. "I'm not only the most successful manager in wrestling his-

tory, I'm the most popular. Everybody loves me. I don't understand this, I don't understand this at all."

Before leaving our office, Hart mumbled something about there being no way he'd lose next year; he simply wouldn't allow it. I didn't think too much about that at the time, but I'm thinking about it more and more.

It's frightening to think that Hart would go so far as to stuff the ballot box and to have someone make threatening phone calls in the middle of the night. It's even more frightening to try to guess what someone that desperate might try next.

Let me say this to Hart, who I'm sure is reading this: We at *Pro Wrestling Illustrated* will not be intimidated. As Clark Kent so eloquently said to Lefty Louie in one *Superman* episode, "The typewriter is mightier than the fist." Whatever you try to do to us, we, as journalists, will always have the last word. I don't know why winning the Manager of the Year award is so important to you, and I don't really care. But something very important to this magazine is at stake here: our credibility. The *PWI* awards are an accurate reflection of the feelings of our readers. There is no pressure imaginable that would ever make us sell out our readers. If we were to give in to you, we could no longer call ourselves independent journalists.

Nothing is more important to us than our independence. Without it, we cannot bring the fans the news in the unbiased manner that they are accustomed to and have every right to expect. As an editor of *PWI*, I have experienced on many occasion attempted bribes and physical threats. They have no effect on me and I would hope they have no effect on anybody on this staff.

Oh, Jimmy, one more thing: We took your 300 ballots and stuffed them in the garbage. Good luck, anyway!

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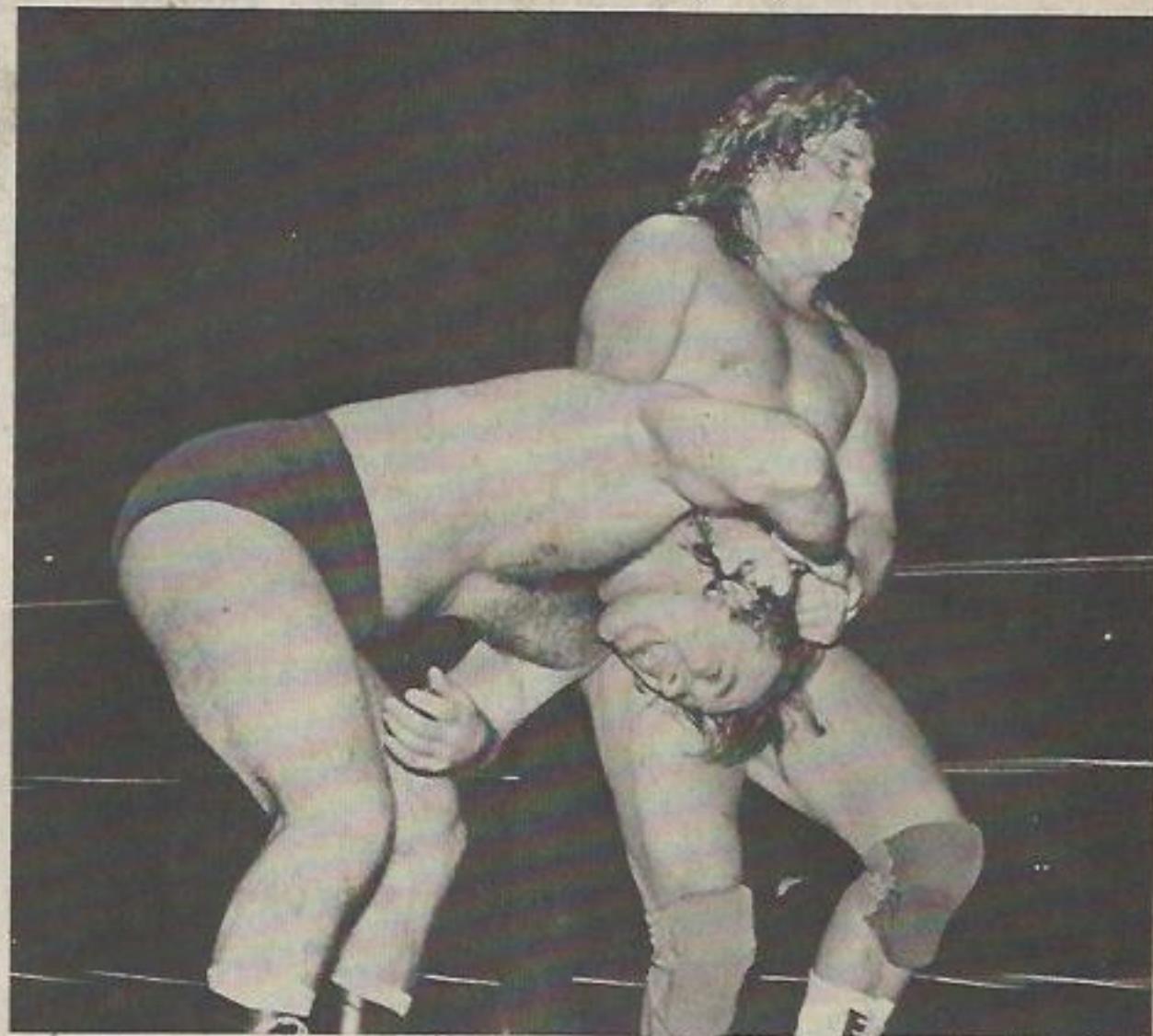
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ON ASSIGNMENT

(Continued from page 18)



Wayne reacts to the cheering of the fans as he grabs Zbyszko by the hair. Brett has dedicated his ring success to his loyal followers and asks for their continued support through what he hopes will be a lengthy title reign.

really never expected Wrestling II to help me out the way he did, but I'm glad he suggested that deal. Then, before the title match, he took me to the gym and worked with me, gave me a couple of tips, helped plan my strategy. Actually, now that I think of it, he really gave me the confidence in myself to think I can do it. Not that I wasn't confident before, but I have to admit that there were a few doubts. After working with Wrestling II, I had no doubts at all."

What effect did the fans have on his victory?

"Well," he said, "as I've said on television several times already, I'm dedicating my title reign to all my fans who cheer me in the arenas, all the fans who have shown their support since I made my professional debut back in the Pacific Northwest, and es-

specially to all the handicapped fans who can't make it out to the matches as often as they'd like. They're all terrific, they've all been great to me."

I also asked Wayne how long he thought he would hold on to the title.

"I'm going to try to hold on to the title for a very long time," he said. "I know everyone is expecting to see me defend the belt against anyone who wants a title match, and I'd like to think that I'll be able to do that and succeed in keeping the title. But I'm a realist. I'm young, I've only been a pro for a little more than three years, and there are a lot of people out there who would like to see me hurt and out of action."

Brett may be a realist, but I hope he's not being a defeatist. A man needs confidence to win a title, and he needs ever more to hold on to it. Unfortunately for Brett, Mr. Wrestling II may not always be there to give him that confidence. He's going to have to find it from within. □

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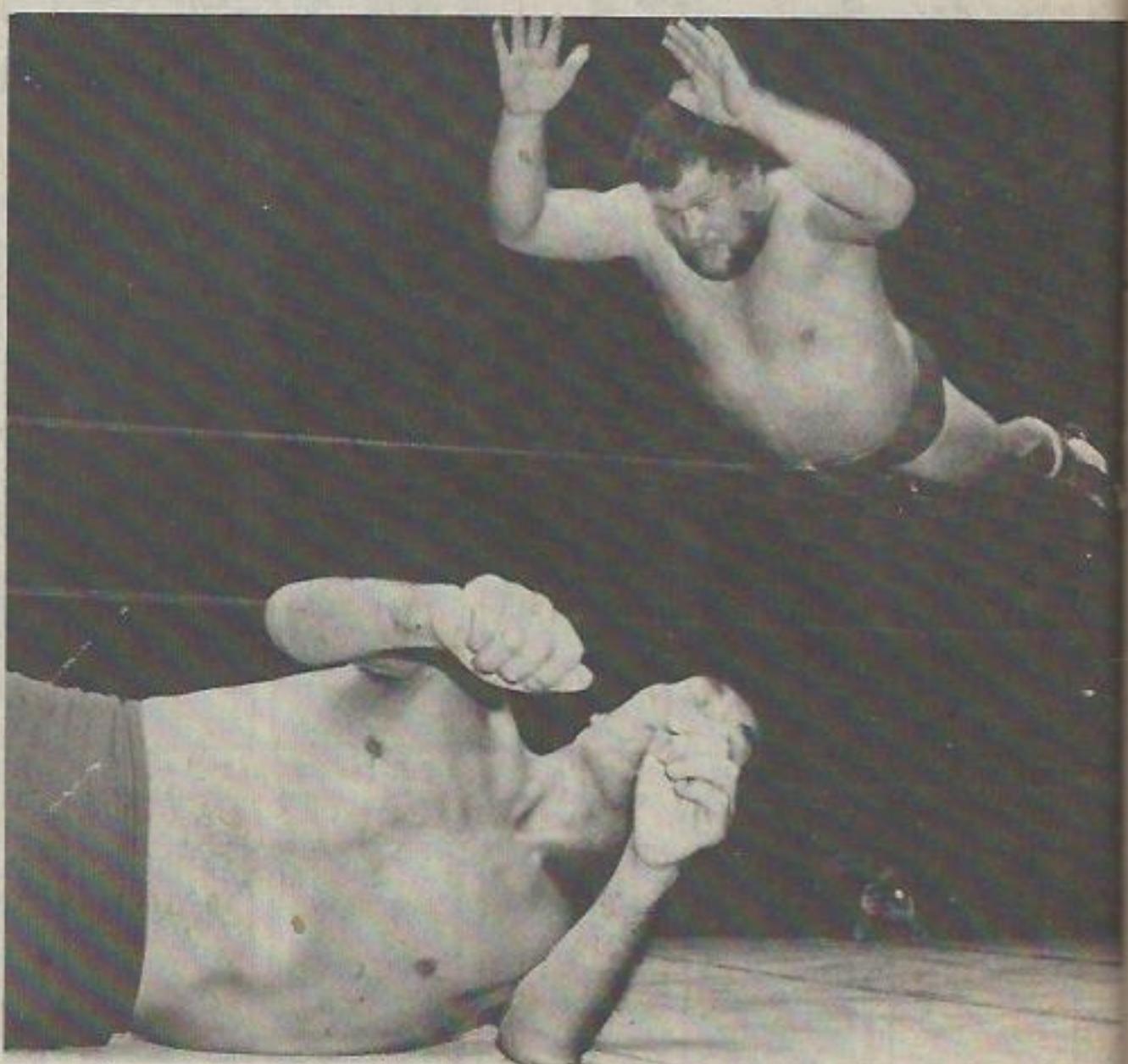
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HARLEY RACE

(Continued from page 29)



Giant Baba rolls away from a diving Race during an NWA title match in St. Louis. For Harley, the match might just as well have been in Japan; when you're lonely, it doesn't matter where you are.

solitude bothered me a little more. A man needs other people, especially people like him. When I wasn't champion, I was never a popular guy and never tried to be. Still, there were a few people I could call friends. They're not there any longer. They never told me that we were no longer friends; they didn't need to. Suddenly, I had what they wanted. So I was the enemy. You can't leave that kind of ambition in the arena. You take it with you everywhere.

"For the first time, I keep wondering if the pain is worth the prize. When you're a kid, it doesn't matter. When you get where I am, a title isn't everything. Sometimes I think I went for the title because I don't know what else to do; it's an instinct I can no longer understand. So I

struggle and go alone and feel lonely.

"You know, I think I forgot how lonely it is to be champion. Maybe if I can remember these times, I wouldn't try so hard to get the title."

The reporter noted that his drink was finished. So did the waitress, who again asked if they'd like a check. Race instead ordered another drink for the reporter. The reporter accepted, figuring by this time it didn't matter how drunk he got. The following day was shot anyway, so he might as well drink Race's liquor and give the man some peace. The waitress quickly brought the drink, only half-filled, and then sloshed a little on the table. She didn't apologize. The reporter didn't blame her.

Race asked, "You ever want

something and when you got it, it wasn't worth the trouble?"

The reporter thought awhile and said, "I once had a crush on a girl in high school, but that's kid's stuff. Maybe there was no prize I ever wanted. There was never anything that cut me off from my friends."

"You're a lucky man," Race continued, "lucky to be satisfied with what you can get. I'm only satisfied when I'm on top. No matter what the sacrifice, I have to be champion. It's an addiction. Once you become number one, and I'm talking about anything, you can never settle for less. And when you have to settle, when someone comes along too good or you finally get too old, there's nothing life gives you that makes up for your loss. Nothing. So I make the sacrifices."

"It's gotten to the point where I don't really enjoy being champion. It's simply the only way to stop the misery of not being champion. Does that make much sense?"

The reporter nodded and then swallowed the last of his drink. The waitress didn't ask this time; she just brought the check and told them the bar was closing. The reporter got up to leave. Race sat heavily in his chair. He finally managed to stand and walk out the door. The hulking body that can be so graceful in combat looked clumsy and uncomfortable.

Harley Race and the reporter walked out of the bar and into the morning streets. Dawn was breaking but the street lights remained on. The few people around looked as if they'd been trapped in a time they didn't belong. The reporter thanked Race for the drinks and wished him well. Race looked as if he was about to say something but never did. Instead, he shook the man's hand and turned away.

Harley Race walked down the empty street alone. □

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KING'S COURT

(Continued from page 10)

It's exciting to see how well Ole has progressed as an announcer. In his first few shows, Anderson seemed tentative, especially during matches featuring his friends. Ole is aware that this was a problem:

"When Tommy Rich or Wrestling II were in the ring, I think I was afraid to say anything critical. Soon I realized I was cheating the fans if I didn't tell it like it is. But I still had the wrestler mentality—you know, never knock your friends. I think I was afraid that I'd lose their friendship by being honest."

Ole said a turning point in his career came during a TV match featuring Tommy Rich. "Tommy

was just getting involved in the Buzz Sawyer feud at the time," Anderson recalls, "and I know it was the only thing on his mind. He was wrestling a prelim guy on TV as a tuneup to yet another Buzz Sawyer match, and I noticed Tommy just didn't have the same aggressiveness he used to have. Well, I mentioned it on TV. I'll tell you, I really was afraid that Tommy would be angry at me. But I said to myself that I'm a journalist now, and I have a responsibility to the fans. I just hoped Tommy would understand."

Ole says it didn't take long for Tommy to call him. "Right after the show was telecast, Tommy



In a rare ring appearance, Anderson staggers Precious Paul Ellering. Ole has made a superb transition from active ring duty to the field of broadcast journalism.

phoned me. I thought he would be enraged, but instead he was more friendly than he'd been in weeks. He told me I was absolutely correct in my criticism, and that the Buzz Sawyer feud had hurt his career. And then he thanked me for being so honest. I'll tell you, it was then that I knew I wanted to continue this broadcasting career."

Another part of broadcasting that Ole takes seriously is the words that come out of his mouth—both the content and sound of them. "I listen to some former wrestlers who became broadcasters," Ole says, "and I'm embarrassed. First, they sound as if they just learned how to speak English last Tuesday and, even worse, when you can understand their words, they make no sense anyway. I find these announcers laughable, and I'm sure the fans do, too. But you deserve to be laughed at if you don't work at your craft."

Anderson says he reads as many newspapers, magazines, and books as he can. He's come a long way from the days when he described his educational background as "majoring in breaking heads at the school of hard knocks." Today, Anderson is a literate, intelligent man. His insights into how Brett Wayne captured the National title were extraordinary.

"I could really relate to Brett," Ole says. "I told the fans the truth about him. He was a young man with vast talent, although it was unrealized talent. He'd been in Georgia for almost a year, winning a lot of matches, but somehow missing out on the big ones. Suddenly, he had a big win over Iron Sheik, chasing him out of town. And you could just see the confidence building in him. When he took the belt from Zbyszko, everyone was surprised, but I saw it coming. The kid was learning his craft, getting better each day. Now, he's one of the best there is at his chosen profession."

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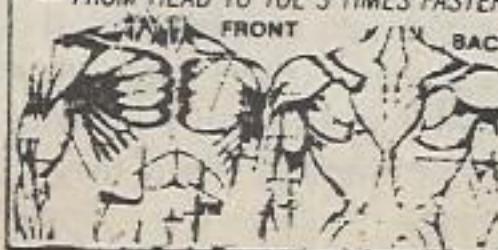
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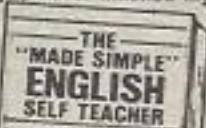
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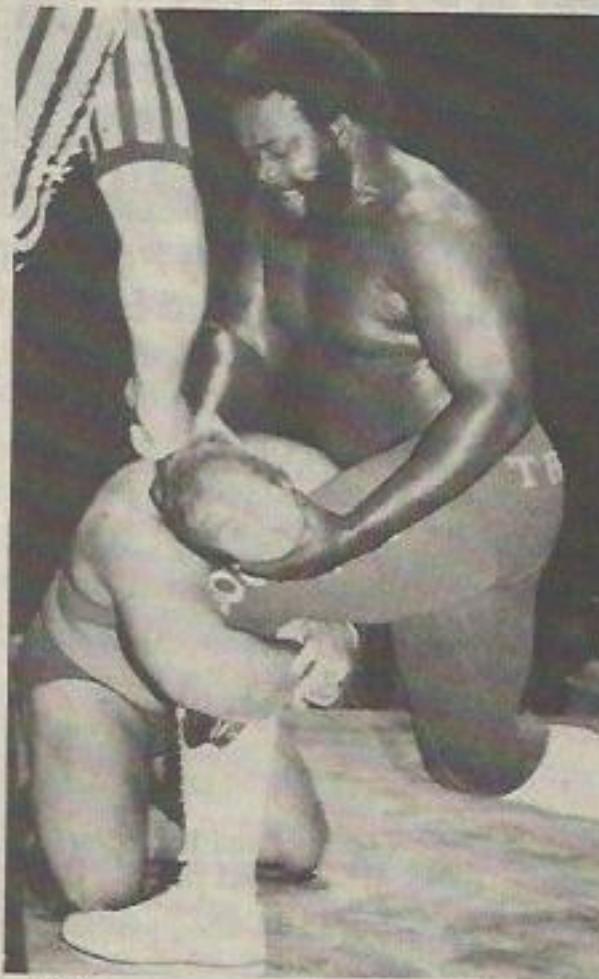


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DOG FIGHT

(Continued from page 31)



"Show me more, Mad Dog! More!"

Ellering threw the Houston Yellow Pages in front of Sawyer. Sawyer positioned himself in front of the book and began to rip it apart not with his hands, but with his teeth. Sweat began to bead on Sawyer's forehead as he jerked his head to rip the telephone listings to bits.

"Okay, Mad Dog, okay," Ellering said, urging him to stop.

Sawyer spit a wad of paper out of his mouth. "Not until you say it," he said. "Say it!"

"You're the Mad Dog, you are the Mad Dog," Ellering complied.

Sawyer then picked the phone book up with his teeth and with a jerk of his head threw it across the room. He panted heavily. Ellering walked over to him and patted his head. "Good boy. Gooood boy. Now let's go show everyone who the Mad Dog is."

The audience watched in disbelief as Sawyer and Junkyard Dog transformed into animals the second their eyes set on each other. They stared at each other for what seemed an eternity. When they finally made contact, they ripped

JYD tries to remove Sawyer's teeth from his thigh (above left). The two men clutch each other's throats (top right). Sawyer staggers around the ring, unaware of the double-disqualification ruling (above right).

into each other with a fury previously exclusive to the animal kingdom. JYD's teeth dug viciously into Sawyer's forehead, opening a huge cut. Sawyer didn't seem to feel the pain, but he reacted wildly to the sight of his own blood.

The fans didn't cheer, nor did they boo. They sat silently in their seats as the two men ripped each other apart. Their war raged from the center of the ring to the apron and out onto the concrete floor. The arena was their ring; no constrictions could be placed on their battle. All that they left in the ring was a blood-stained canvas and the referee, who counted as they traded punches and kicks. The referee called for the bell and ruled a double-countout.

The fans were strangely quiet as the referee's decision was announced. Perhaps it was because they had never seen as brutal a match in their lives. Perhaps it was because they were glad it was over. □

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GARY HART

(Continued from page 45)



The wrestlers struggle for control of a chair (above left). Kabuki tugs at Brown's beard (right). With Kabuki lying in the ring, Hart is defenseless (above).

"I never thought wrestling fans were that stupid. Don't they realize who this guy is? Even they can't be that dumb, can they? Some nights I just grab the ring microphone from the announcer and scream, 'Don't let Jimmy Valiant make a fool out of you,' but it doesn't matter. They don't listen to me."

It might be hard for the fans to believe that Hart is looking out for their best interests. "Why would Gary Hart care about the fans?" said George Monty, who is a veteran Mid-Atlantic fan. Monty, who was at the Greensboro Coliseum to watch Charlie Brown battle Kabuki, said he really doesn't care who the masked wrestler is, as long as he keeps winning. "In my book," George said, "he's okay. And Gary Hart? I'm sorry, but he just doesn't have the kind of track record that instills trust in the fans. I don't care who Charlie Brown is, and if he is the Boogie Woogie Man, at least someone outsmarted Gary Hart for a change. I think that's great."

Be it for the fans or his own selfish purposes, Hart is planning to end "Valiant's charade" by having him unmasked in the ring. To accomplish this task, Hart is once again calling on The Great Kabuki, who sat in a corner of Hart's office, wearing the ceremonial garb that he also wears into the ring. He sat motionless on a straight-back

chair.

"See that discipline?" Hart asked. "This is one of Kabuki's exercises. He sits there without moving or making a sound for seven hours."

"Kabuki won the Loser Leave Town Match against Valiant and I'm confident that he can unmask Val . . . oh, excuse me, I mean Charlie Brown. I'm sorry, I hope I didn't offend anybody's sensibilities," Hart said with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice. "I have a plan, and like all of my plans, it is ingenious. Deceit, trickery—all of my favorite things will be involved. If Charlie Brown is reading this, he should do himself a favor and give up now. He cannot rival Gary Hart. I'm smarter than he is. He cannot win."

"Okay, Boogie Woogie Man, I'm through playing with you," Hart said, his tone changing dramatically. "I don't think you can read, but I know you can always get someone to read this to you: I know that's you behind the mask, and I'm going to prove it. I also know that you don't have two dimes to rub together. What are you going to do when you don't have a job for 365



days. That's 365 days of no rent money, no food money, just a whole lot of suffering. Maybe you can apply to one of those programs for deprived individuals. They give you enough money to buy decent clothes, and you go to this soup kitchen every day for a meal. What was the menu last week? Surprise salad and mystery meat, I think."

Hart once again turned to the PWI centerfold. He held the picture of Valiant close to his face. "I know it's you, Boogie Woogie," he screamed. "If Charlie Brown just disappears now, you'll be okay, but if I unmask you, you're gone, goodbye, yesterday's news. I know it's you, Valiant, and I'll prove it. And then you'll suffer, I'll make sure of it."

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RATINGS ANALYSIS

Every month, this column will tell fans how we go about rating more than 150 wrestlers in 14 different categories. It is a behind-the-scenes look at the most important—and respected—ratings system in the sport. This column is vital reading for all wrestling fans

No room in the ratings: Since instituting our expanded wrestling ratings in the September 1983 issue of *Pro Wrestling Illustrated*, we have received an incredible amount of mail. Virtually all of it, we're happy to say, has been complimentary. The greatest criticism thus far has been that we haven't expanded the ratings enough, that there are many areas of the country—and the world—that deserve to be listed on our ratings pages.



Carlos Colon

We agree with this criticism: There are several areas that do not receive proper attention in our ratings. Missouri, Tennessee, Hawaii, Midwest-WWA, Montreal, Puerto Rico, British Columbia, Southeast United States, Japan, Mexico, and so many others all deserve their own monthly ratings categories. Unfortunately, we are limited to only two pages for our ratings.

As a solution to the problem, "Ratings Analysis" will, from time to time, present a listing of the top 10 wrestlers in a category not regularly included on our ratings pages. This issue we look to Puerto Rico and the World Wrestling Council.

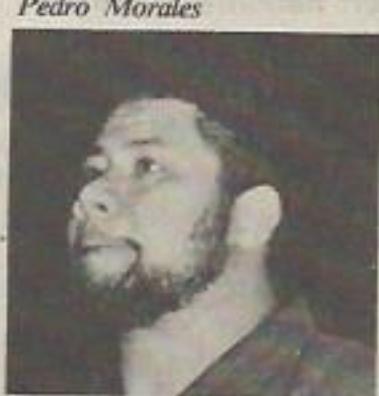
The WWC, which promotes matches in Puerto Rico, Trinidad, St. Thomas, and throughout the Caribbean, is a member of the NWA and recognizes Harley Race as the World champion.

In addition, the WWC recognizes several additional titles: The WWC heavyweight championship (currently held by Carlos Colon), the WWC North American championship (Pedro Morales), the Puerto Rican heavyweight championship (King Tonga), the Caribbean heavyweight championship (Abdullah the Butcher), the WWC tag team championship (The Masked Medics), and the WWC North American tag team championship (also The Masked Medics).

The top 10 wrestlers in the WWC as-of press time are as follows:

WORLD WRESTLING COUNCIL

1—CARLOS COLON	238, Bayamon, Puerto Rico
2—PEDRO MORALES	240, Culebra, Puerto Rico
3—KING TONGA	243, Isle of Tonga
4—ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER	360, Sudan
5—THE INVADER	247, San Juan, Puerto Rico
6—BOB SWEETAN	285, Round Rock, TX
7—TAMBA	317, Sudan
8—EL GRAN APOLLO	231, San Juan, Puerto Rico
9—DORY FUNK JR.	244, Amarillo, TX
10—OX BAKER	309, Waterloo, IA



King Tonga

The inclusion of Puerto Rico in this installment of "Ratings Analysis" is doubly important because WWC heavyweight champion Carlos Colon breaks into the NWA ratings this month at the number 10 position, and The Masked Medics crack the tag team listing at the number nine spot because they hold both Puerto Rican tag team championships.

The address for mail: Do you like this idea of including additional categories in "Ratings Analysis"? Do you have any ideas of your own for making this the kind of column you want to read? We welcome all comments and questions regarding our ratings. Send all correspondence to: *Pro Wrestling Illustrated*; Box 48; Rockville Centre; New York 11571. □

PRO Wrestling ILLUSTRATED



Ratings are based on won-lost records for the past month, quality of opposition, and the inherent skill of each wrestler. These ratings are compiled by the editors and are universally recognized as official.



Nick Bockwinkel



David Von Erich

TOP 10

1—HARLEY RACE 253, Kansas City, MO	6—BARRY WINDHAM 230, Sweetwater, TX
2—ANDRE THE GIANT 497, Grenoble, France	7—MIL MASCARAS 242, Mexico City, Mexico
3—DUSTY RHODES 302, Austin, TX	8—BOB BACKLUND 242, Princeton, MN
4—NICK BOCKWINKEL 245, Beverly Hills, CA	9—HULK HOGAN 320, Venice Beach, CA
5—DAVID VON ERICH 247, Denton, TX	10—GREG VALENTINE 243, Seattle, WA

MOST POPULAR

1—ANDRE THE GIANT 497, Grenoble, France	2—DUSTY RHODES 302, Austin, TX
3—TOMMY RICH 238, Hendersonville, TN	4—JUNKYARD DOG 260, New Orleans, LA
5—RODDY PIPER 231, Scotland	6—JIMMY SNuka 250, Fiji Islands
7—KERRY VON ERICH 251, Denton, TX	8—BARRY WINDHAM 230, Sweetwater, TX
9—BOB BACKLUND 242, Princeton, MN	10—SCOTT CASEY 235, Amarillo, TX

MOST HATED

1—HACKSAW REED 249, Kansas City, MO	2—RON BASS 285, Pampa, FL
3—JAKE ROBERTS 243, Baton Rouge, LA	4—MR. SAITO 247, Japan
5—GREG VALENTINE 243, Seattle, WA	6—TED DiBIASE 247, Omaha, NE
7—BUZZ SAWYER 240, St. Petersburg, FL	8—ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER 360, Sudan
9—MAGNIFICENT MURACO 262, Sunset Beach, HI	10—KEVIN SULLIVAN 235, Boston, MA

NWA and AWA ratings are compiled with the assistance of wrestlers, promoters, and reporters. "Most Popular" and "Most Hated" ratings are based on nationwide surveys of wrestling fans and on mail that comes to our offices.

TAG TEAMS

1—JACK & JERRY BRISCO Combined Weight: 455 pounds	2—KEN PATERA & CRUSHER BLACKWELL Combined Weight: 710 pounds
3—THE ROAD WARRIORS Combined Weight: 567 pounds	4—ELIJAH AKEEM & KAREEM MUHAMMAD Combined Weight: 578 pounds
5—TERRY ALLEN & HACKSAW DUGGAN Combined Weight: 525 pounds	6—THE FREEBIRDS Combined Weight: 791 pounds*
7—THE SAMOANS Combined Weight: 598 pounds	8—STEVE KEIRN & STAN LANE Combined Weight: 479 pounds
9—THE MASKED MEDICS Combined Weight: 477 pounds	10—BUZZ TYLER & BULLDOG BOB BROWN Combined Weight: 584 pounds

*Combined weights reflect three team members

NWA

World Champion: HARLEY RACE 253, Kansas City, MO	1—GREG VALENTINE 243, Seattle, WA
	2—DAVID VON ERICH 247, Denton, TX
	3—BARRY WINDHAM 230, Sweetwater, TX
	4—BRETT WAYNE 242, St. Petersburg, FL
	5—RUFUS R. JONES 287, Boston, MA
	6—MIKE ROTONDO 245, Syracuse, NY
	7—RIC FLAIR 243, Minneapolis, MN
	8—SUPER DESTROYER 271, parts unknown
	9—BOB ARMSTRONG 229, Marietta, GA
	10—CARLOS COLON 238, Bayamon, Puerto Rico

AWA

World Champion: NICK BOCKWINKEL 245, Beverly Hills, CA	1—HULK HOGAN 320, Venice Beach, CA
	2—BRAD RHEINGANS 248, Minneapolis, MN
	3—MAD DOG VACHON 225, Algeria
	4—RICK MARTEL 236, Quebec City, Quebec
	5—MR. SAITO 247, Osaka, Japan
	6—KEN PATERA 256, Portland, OR
	7—WAHOO McDANIEL 260, Midland, TX
	8—CRUSHER BLACKWELL 474, Stone Mountain, GA
	9—GREG GAGNE 220, Robbinsdale, MN
	10—DAVID SHULTZ 265, Memphis, TN

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

Below are the ratings for the top regional wrestling areas of the country. These ratings are based on nationwide surveys of wrestlers, promoters, and reporters.

WWF

Champion:

BOB BACKLUND

242, Princeton, MN

1—MASKED SUPERSTAR

282, Atlanta, GA

2—MAGNIFICENT MURACO

262, Sunset Beach, HI

3—JIMMY SNUKA

250, Fiji Islands

4—SGT. SLAUGHTER

310, Paris Island, SC

5—TITO SANTANA

245, Mission, TX

6—JOHN STUDD

364, Washington, DC

7—TONY ATLAS

247, Roanoke, VA

8—ROCKY JOHNSON

244, Washington, DC

9—Ivan PUTSKI

242, Krakow, Poland

10—IRON SHEIK

262, Teheran, Iran

GEORGIA

- 1—BRETT WAYNE
242, St. Petersburg, FL
- 2—JAKE ROBERTS
243, Baton Rouge, LA
- 3—MR. WRESTLING II
232, Atlanta, GA
- 4—BUZZ SAWYER
240, St. Petersburg, FL
- 5—TOMMY RICH
238, Hendersonville, TN
- 6—PEZ WHATLEY
238, El Paso, TX
- 7—RONNIE GARVIN
231, Montreal, Quebec
- 8—RODDY PIPER
231, Scotland
- 9—TED DIBIASE
247, Omaha, NE
- 10—KING KONG BUNDY
420, Atlantic City, NJ

WORLD CLASS

- 1—JIM GARVIN
235, Tampa, FL
- 2—DAVID VON ERICH
247, Denton, TX
- 3—KEVIN VON ERICH
254, Denton, TX
- 4—MICHAEL HAYES
255, Marietta, GA
- 5—KERRY VON ERICH
251, Denton, TX
- 6—KAMALA
360, Uganda
- 7—ICEMAN PARSONS
242, St. Louis, MO
- 8—BUDDY ROBERTS
247, Del City, OK
- 9—TERRY GORDY
289, Chattanooga, TN
- 10—CHRIS ADAMS
225, Stratford on Avon, England

MID-ATLANTIC

- 1—GREG VALENTINE
243, Seattle, WA
- 2—RUFUS R. JONES
287, Boston, MA
- 3—RODDY PIPER
231, Scotland
- 4—COWBOY BOB ORTON
245, Kansas City, KS
- 5—RIC FLAIR
243, Minneapolis, MN
- 6—DICK SLATER
235, Tampa, FL
- 7—THE GREAT KABUKI
252, Singapore
- 8—CHARLIE BROWN
251, New York, NY
- 9—BUGSY McGRAW
245, New York, NY
- 10—KEVIN SULLIVAN
235, Boston, MA

FLORIDA

- 1—MIKE ROTONDO
245, Syracuse, NY
- 2—BARRY WINDHAM
230, Sweetwater, TX
- 3—DUSTY RHODES
302, Austin, TX
- 4—RON BASS
285, Pampa, TX
- 5—MIKE GRAHAM
232, Tampa, FL
- 6—JOS LeDUC
280, Godbout, Quebec
- 7—ANGELO MOSCA
309, Caledou, Ontario
- 8—BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
310, Sweetwater, TX
- 9—ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER
360, Sudan
- 10—ANGELO MOSCA JR.
234, Caledou, Ontario

MID-SOUTH

- 1—HACKSAW REED
249, Kansas City, MO
- 2—HACKSAW DUGGAN
280, New York, NY
- 3—JUNKYARD DOG
260, New Orleans, LA
- 4—KING KONG BUNDY
420, Atlantic City, NJ
- 5—KAMALA
360, Uganda
- 6—MR. WRESTLING II
232, Atlanta, GA
- 7—DUSTY RHODES
302, Austin, TX
- 8—TERRY ALLEN
245, Chesapeake, VA
- 9—BORIS ZURKHOV
239, Leningrad, Russia
- 10—JOHNNY RICH
230, Hendersonville, TN

SOUTHWEST

- 1—ADRIAN ADONIS
251, New York, NY
- 2—SCOTT CASEY
235, Amarillo, TX
- 3—TULLY BLANCHARD
235, San Antonio, TX
- 4—ERIC EMBRY
225, Lexington, KY
- 5—BOBBY JAGGERS
255, Dunlap, KS
- 6—KEN TIMBS
235, Atlanta, GA
- 7—EXOTIC ADRIAN STREET
220, South Wales
- 8—SHEEPHERDER WILLIAMS
237, New Zealand
- 9—AL PEREZ
234, Tampa, FL
- 10—BLACK GORDMAN
234, Mexico

NORTHWEST

- 1—DYNAMITE KID
225, England
- 2—CURT HENNIG
235, Minneapolis, MN
- 3—PLAYBOY BUDDY ROSE
245, Minneapolis, MN
- 4—RIP OLIVER
245, Tampa, FL
- 5—BILLY JACK
245, Portland, OR
- 6—THE ASSASSIN
240, parts unknown
- 7—AL MADRIL
235, Los Angeles, CA
- 8—MATT BORNE
240, Milwaukie, OR
- 9—BRIAN ADIDAS
238, Dallas, TX
- 10—RON RITCHIE
238, New York, NY